

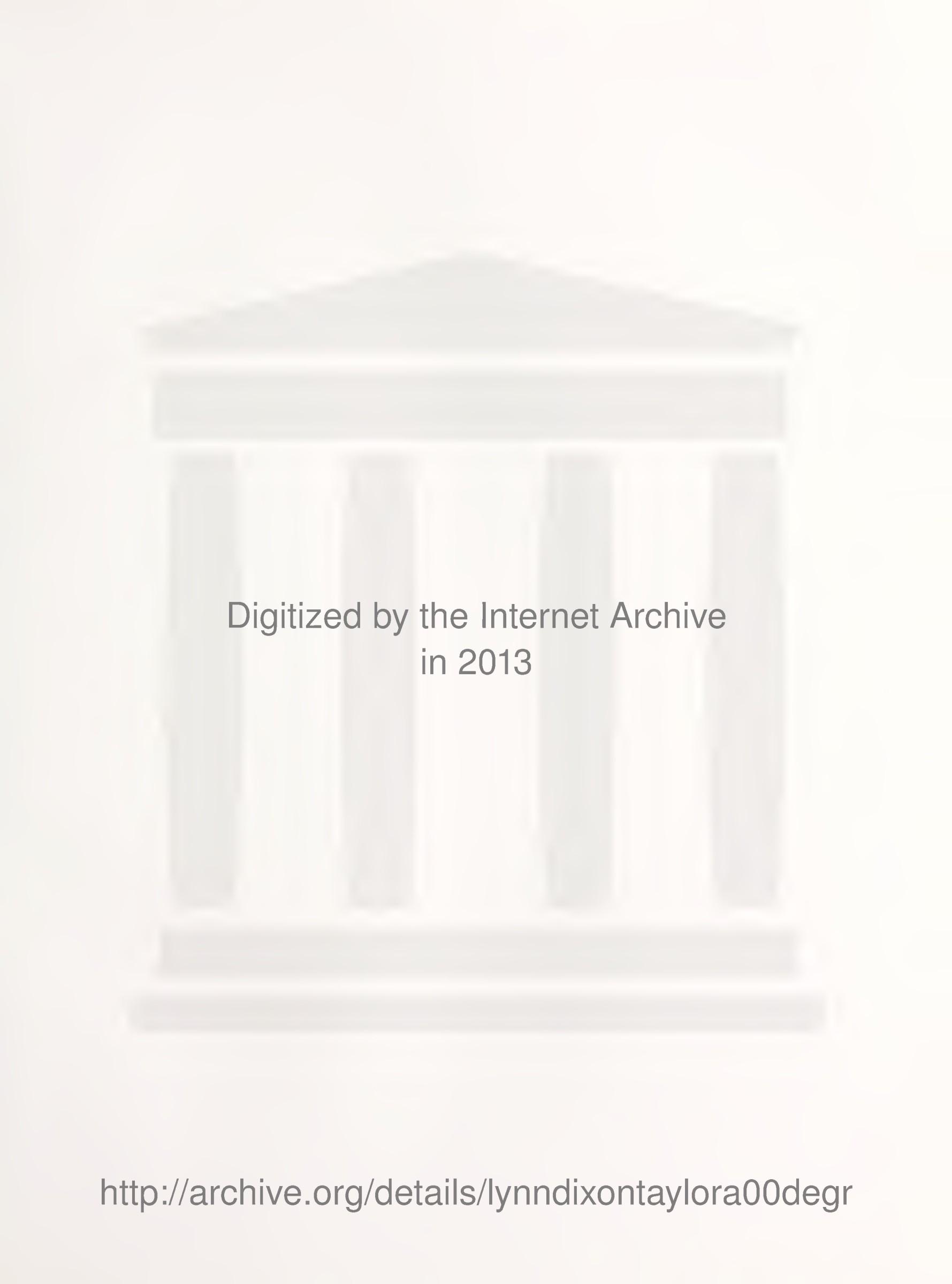
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LYNN DIXON TAYLOR

"And he encompassed all"

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BR

LYNN DIXON TAYLOR

“And he encompassed all”

Compiled by
Janice Taylor DeGraw

ROUTINE PATIENT CARE

“Routine” patient care

LYNN DIXON TAYLOR

*I MEASURED HIM WITH MY EYE
AND FOUND HIM LESS THAN TALL.
I MEASURED HIM WITH MY HEART
AND HE ENCOMPASSED ALL.*

Celestia Johnson Taylor



*"There are moments in life that seem too exquisite!
To reach back and briefly touch the memories
of former times, places and people,
and to recollect their value and meaning in life
can bring a painful ache to the heart.*

*And yet not to think of them is to deny one's self
a finite and delicate sense of joy and reality
which comes not often; but when it touches the soul,
makes one sense -- perhaps only briefly -
the immense and overwhelming value of life
and its wonderful possibilities for the future."*

Kathryn Dee Taylor Brockbank

Letter to Celestia J. Taylor,
February 16, 1967

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PREFACE

In my home I have a shelf filled with family histories -- great grandfathers, grandfathers and grandmothers, my mother, uncles, and aunts, but not a book for my father, Lynn Dixon Taylor.

My husband, Monte said "of all your family, you should have your father's history. He was one of the greatest pioneers and a man with very diverse talents and interests."

My brother, John, was busy working on another book for our Uncle Clarence Taylor, Lynn's younger brother; I complained that no one had written about Dad. Cousin Ken Kartchner, present at the time said, "I assign that project to you." I took up the challenge and this book is a result.

It is a compilation of many sources. Preparing the book has been enlightening to me as I began to understand and know my father in ways I hadn't known before. It is my hope that my father's children and grandchildren, some of whom never knew my father, will gain an understanding of this great man and the heritage he has given to all of us.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I thank my Husband, Monte DeGraw, for his encouragement and suggestions.

Thanks to my sister, Lynn Anne Richards and my brothers, John Arthur Taylor and George Terry Taylor. Their helpful suggestions, writings, and encouragement contributed greatly to this brief story of our father. The example and faith of our mother, Celestia Johnson Taylor complements all the love and respect we have for Dad and for each other.

The spirit voice of our sister, Kathryn Dee Taylor Brockbank is whispering always to us echoing the importance of our eternal family associations.

I KNEW A MAN

Celestia Johnson Taylor

*I knew a man whose smile could take the
Chill out of the coldest winter day.
Whose handclasp held the sort of cheer
That no mere words could say.
Whose daily routine kept him
Close to nature, home and God.
Whose hand could make a work
Of art from a homely piece of clod,*

I knew that man.

*I knew a man whose life in all its
Facets reflect naught but well.
Whose friends in every walk of life
He loved and understood.
Whose friendly spirit touched
The lives of all who knew his face.
Whose handiwork his magic fingers
Filled with beauty and with grace.*

I knew that man.

MY FATHER

The man of whom I speak today
Is special in a unique sort of way.
A man whose words aren't oft expressed
But whose life has made many others' blessed.

My Dad, my Father, my "Pop" to me
Is a special sort of man to see.
A chap who seems to know what's right
It does not matter how bright the light.

A man who knows but cares not to speak
Of life, of love, of the way to seek
Those goals of which he knows are true,
For his life is open for all to view.

A man whose example has steered the way
For more than one to follow today.
Whose honest look and warm bright smile
Have brought his children o'er many a mile.

For maybe they just could have been
Along some weary path of sin.
Instead his memory has kept them straight
Along the path to some holier state.

A fellow whose smile is known by all,
Whose friendly laugh I can recall.
Who gains respect from day to day
Of all who come across his way.

How blessed I feel to really know
Just how my Father has helped me grow.
For now I know; it's clear to me
That I've the best "Pop" that could ever be!

GTT. British Mission. Written 9 June 1965, to Dad on Father's Day,





LIFE OF LYNN DIXON TAYLOR

1896 was an eventful year, Utah became a state and a new baby and a new home enriched the lives of Arthur N. and Maria D. Taylor, parents of Lynn. In 1896, they moved into their new home which was a twin to Maria's mother's home, and was built on part of her lot. According to Maria, her mother was anxious to have her near her. The address of the new home was 256 North Fifth West. Fifth West was later known as "Sandy Alley" because so many of the red-headed Dixons and Taylors lived on that street.

Arthur and Maria had very little money and built two rooms first, then added other rooms as they could pay for them.¹

On a spring day, the 6th of May, 1898, Lynn Dixon was the first child to be born in their new home. They had an older child, Arthur D. born on the 4th day of October, and other children soon came along. Elton LeRoy on the 22nd of June 1900; Henry D. on the 22nd of November, 1903; Alice L. on the 18th of November, 1906; Clarence D. on the 11th of May, 1909; Orson Kenneth on the 3rd of November, 1913; and Ruth Elaine on the 20th of March, 1917.



Interview with John Arthur Taylor and Alice Taylor Nelson, Lynn's Sister:

Arthur was a stern, undemonstrative man.

JOHN; You mentioned that your father, Arthur N. Taylor was rather uncommunicative, maybe that's not the right word. I don't mean to put words in your mouth, I remember, I have a few very faint memories of him and he seemed to be a quiet man or at least not very demonstrative with children.

ALICE: That's right, with anybody.

JOHN: With anybody?

ALICE: I never saw my father kiss my mother. There was no, that's the real old Victorian, for sure to an extreme, anyway, he was very quiet. And if they were invited out, he sat and let my mother do all the talking and boy did she talk. And so, I said something to Janet, (a woman from England who lived with them) and she said, "Well your dad's quiet because he takes his talking machine long and he doesn't have to say anything." And he didn't. Very quiet. But he could really, you know, being in charge of the store and all that. He could talk plenty then and he really laid down the law, too. I think a lot of people thought he was very stern.²

For his eight children, Arthur N. Taylor never did intend to leave them a fabulous fortune of monetary wealth, but he did leave them with a respected name, exemplary life, and a philosophy which was an underlying power in his life's work.

1. To teach and direct his children how to work.
2. To send and support (the boys) in the mission field.
3. To provide them with a good education.

With these tools and experiences, he felt they should be capable of supporting themselves and their families, to be of value in rendering service to their community, to be in a position to push forward the work of the Lord, and to be exemplary churchmen.

How well he succeeded in carrying out his philosophy can best be judged by a few of the many things he did for his children:

During his whole lifetime he not only made jobs available, but actually paid out money to provide and maintain projects which would provide his children with work. Not only was the work provided, but he led out in showing them how to work with his own hands and mind. His motto was, "Come, let us work" and not, "You go to work."

He set the missionary example by spending thirty-eight months in the British Mission. All six of his sons served missions.

All eight of his children graduated from High School and seven of them graduated from college.

Maria was a lovely, black-haired, black-eyed woman.³

"I have always been inclined toward religion. It has always been easy for me to believe in the Word of the Lord, when spoken through His Servants. I have always enjoyed attending my meetings in the different organizations, in my youth and also in late life. I have a great satisfaction in doing my duty whenever I have been called."⁴

"My life has been a very happy one, although any mother raising a family has a few strenuous and anxious moments and years, especially during sickness".

Maria was an exemplary wife to Arthur. She supported him in all his endeavors. She enjoyed living on the farm and was proud of the butter she made from the cream of the cows. She especially enjoyed their canyon home in Wildwood and was dearly loved by all of the residents.

Arthur and Maria both came from pioneer stock. Their ancestors were converted to the Church of Jesus Christ in both England and South Africa. Much has been written about their lives.⁵

¹ *Arthur Nicholls Taylor and Maria Louise Dixon Taylor, My Parents*, Henry D. Taylor, Page 31

² Interview with Alice Nelson, John Arthur Taylor

³ *History of Arthur and Maria Dixon Taylor*, Page 88

⁴ *My Folks the Dixons*, Page 187

⁵ *My Folks the Dixons*, Page 189

BOYHOOD AND YOUTH –
Warts and Freckles

Henry D. Taylor, Lynn's Brother:

Lynn's life would share many of the same experiences.

"Grandmother Dixon's sons had built her a home adjoining the Arthur N. Taylor house. While Uncle John and Aunt Sarah Dixon were building a new home at 440 North Fifth West, they were living with Grandmother Dixon. Her home was just across a jointly owned lane. She would give the children raisins, or other snacks.

I recall with nostalgia the memories of early Christmases.

Just through the block from our home lived Professor Robert Sauer. He was a German convert and was an instructor of music at BYU and leader of the band. He composed the music for the beautiful number, "When it's springtime in the Rockies." In the early dark hours of Christmas morning, Brother Sauer would arise, stand on his front porch, and play "Silent Night, Holy Night" and "The Holy City" on his trumpet. Over the years, the thrill of these experiences has never been repeated.



Lynn as Hiawatha

Father and mother went to great lengths to make Christmas a happy time for us. One Christmas, from each of our stockings there was a piece of string which, if followed would lead to each major present. They spent hours making these preparations. We boys arose before they were supposed to and in the dark broke the strings. Father and mother were required to spend the remainder of the night in repairing the damage.

When father was connected with Taylor Bros. Co., Christmas Eve was a busy time. Shortly after dark, they would start making deliveries. They had a team composed of a wiry, nervous little black

horse called "Nell" and an animal, half mule and half horse, called "Jack". It would require most of the night to make deliveries. Later, when they were at D.T.R. Co., they used several trucks and could be through with the deliveries at around midnight.

On the back end of our home property were a large, two-story, red brick barn and stable. On the lower level or ground floor were stalls for the horses and cows. The upper story was for hay storage. In the spring when the hay would be pretty well used up there was an excellent space in which to play basketball. During a heated game, one of the boys stepped through an opening into the manger below and discovered himself astride a cow's neck on the lower level.

In the summer months during the daytime, the cows were driven to the Excelsior pasture located on the lower end of Fifth West. In the morning after milking the cows, my brothers and I would drive them over to Sixth West. A driver would gather the cows along the way until finally he would have a large herd to place in the pasture. At night, the driver would return the herd; and they would pick up and drive our cows back home.

A.O. Smoot was an early mayor of Provo and also the President of the Utah Stake. He was sent to Provo by President Brigham Young. He was the father of Senator Reed Smoot. Under assignment from Brigham Young, he went east and directed several immigrant parties and on many of his trips brought Jersey cows from the East. It became a mark of distinction to own some of these animals.

We always had fine Jersey cows to supply them with rich milk. Having an abundance, some of the surplus was sold.

Father and mother were kind to us, but they were also firm. If they were given an assignment, they were expected to fill that task. If discipline was necessary, they could expect discipline. They believed in the teaching, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." When mother found it necessary to punish them, she would require me to select and cut a willow; and then she would apply it with vigor where it would do the most good. I was never able to select a willow or twig that wouldn't sting.

Having a family of six boys, mother, a thrifty individual, learned to cut our hair and became extremely adept at the practice. The neighbor boys also would come for a cut. As we would be seated on a stool in the back yard, Mother would tie an apron around their neck and apply the scissors and clippers. I was well along in years before I visited a barber shop for the first time.

On the northwest corner of the intersection of Main Street and Academy Avenue was the Provo Commercial Bank. On the east side of the bank, just off the sidewalk, was a vehicle on wheels that had been enclosed and remodeled and served as a popcorn stand. It was run by Frank Cory. He made delicious hamburgers. The smell of the popcorn and hamburgers on a cold winter night was a mouth-watering experience. Usually the boys would stop there following dances.

The Fourth of July was a day they would look forward to with anticipation. The day would start with the Loveless's and the Warners being driven around the city, first in a wagon and in later years in a truck, serenading with fife and drum patriotic numbers. Later in the morning would come a thrilling parade, followed by races, games and concessions.

Before Provo had a pool, swimming was done in Provo River and Utah Lake. In the summer Provo River did not carry much water, and there were several spots where deep holes made excellent places for swimming. It was a "men only" activity, as no one wore bathing suits and the areas were so secluded by trees and shrubbery that there was utmost privacy. One of the favorite spots was called "Davis Hole." It was located on the river. Later, a swimming pool was built at North Park on Fifth North and Fourth West (now called Sowiette Park in honor of a friendly Indian Chief who was kind to the early settlers). That was before the days of heated

pools. Ice-cold city water was used, and swimmers came out of the water rather blue in color, even on a hot summer day.

So many of the Dixon's and Taylor's lived on Fifth West and had red hair that the area was called "Sandy Alley."

Utah Lake was an attractive place for the boys . In the summer they would go there to boat ride and to swim. An excursion boat, called the Show Boat was used to provide cruises to Bird Island and other points on the lake. In winter, when the lake would freeze over, it would be an excellent place to ice-skate.¹

Ralph B. Keeler, a close friend of Lynn's recalled boyhood experiences they shared.

"Lynn and I must have been about ten years old when we first became aware of each other. It was at North Fork in Provo Canyon, later called Wildwood, just opposite the old rock house. The running gear upon which Lynn had perched himself belonged to Brother Kofford, who had been employed to change the course of the creek so that it would join the Provo at their present confluence. The spring run-off always flooded the pasture near the river, and Kofford was hired to build a road into the camp which would also serve as a retaining wall against high water. Lynn was there to help. I too, volunteered my service. Kofford pointed to a large boulder, half-submerged in creek water, and ordered us to move it on to the grade. As we struggled together, in ultimate triumph - now wet to the hips and shoulders, each discovered in the other a new friend. Lynn's red hair and my buttermilk blonde complexion were perfectly matched so we thought - as were the warts on our hands and the freckles on our faces.

Lynn was reared on West Center (finally called 5th West) and I on 3rd East, so that our early school days were in different institutions, his at Timpanogoes, mine at B.Y. Training School. But it was the summers that brought us together. With the annual building of a raft to float down Provo River - Huck Finn style, swimming in the same waters with hurried change into bathing suits in the willows then growing on the banks, and, quite an intriguing, with some mystery surrounding, were the change quarters of the girls up-stream, always chaperoned by several sharp-eyed mothers.

Then, there were the weekly treks over mountain-side to gather logs for bonfires in anticipation of Indian stories to come from Will Rawlins and Professor Osmond. The swing - the tall swing - and the thrilling leap at high-point to see how far we could jump, with self-appointed judge below marking the distance, side-of-the-foot wise, never with a stick, always with the side-of-the-foot, followed then by the inevitable challenge insisting that the judge had cheated.

There were the hikes up Timpanogos, with John Swensen or Uncle Walt Dixon leading the way, long before easy trails had been constructed for flabby, soft-muscled kids.

But, perhaps one of Lynn's most cherished experiences was with Frank Eastmon's donkey, Damit. Damit, because no Wildwood resident was ever permitted to swear and remain in good favor. However, he was allowed to use his imagination in naming donkeys, and Frank had displayed great talent.

As I recall, Frank was the only person ever seen in camp riding single on Damit's back. When the kids rode, it was always in threes, fours, or even fives strung from withers to tail. Lynn usually rated a front seat because he was the smallest, I next, then up the line to Dave, Art, Cal, or one of the others whose turn it might be.

Donkeys have a peculiar custom. They never cross an unusual barrier without first suddenly stopping to investigate. There was just such an obstacle across our camp road in the form of a small ditch. The younger kids, such as Lynn and I, lacking experience, were always "honored" when given the driver's seat. Upon being completely loaded at Dangerfield's cabin, Damit could usually be urged, goaded and kicked into a donkey-trot about the time she reached the ditch, whereupon she'd suddenly hesitate to investigate, unload the front two passengers, side-step the dunked cargo, leap, then gallop down the road with a lighter burden. It was not until a full season of experience had passed, that Lynn and I discovered why it was so easy to get a front seat on Damit.

There was the annual hike up the east mountain, across the river, to post the stars and stripes on flag-cliff for the season. This important event was always held back until ALL camp residents had arrived for the summer, so that their hearts, too, could swell in patriotism upon seeing our country's symbol unfurled on the mountain peak.

All of these experiences in Wildwood built into Lynn a life-time love for the mountains and for Provo Canyon in particular.

As a re-capitulation of our boyhood in Wildwood - Lynn and I joined Eccles Cameron's work party, as we had Kofford's over 50 years ago. Eccles had been engaged to re-survey Brickerhaven, and we volunteered to cut brush. Imagine, two old men climbing over the mountain-side trying to keep ahead of a fast-moving surveying team! We were probably no more effective in cutting brush for Eccles than we were in moving rock for Kofford, not so much because of our age but, primarily because we'd take "time-out" (too often I'm afraid) to compare warts and match freckles, to chew grass straws and oak sticks, to philosophize and then chew more straws. We boasted about our children, worried about the world, re-mentioned our mutual respect for each other, and patted ourselves on the back for marrying the girls we'd married. It was a delightful time, sitting there in the shadows of life, surveying our histories more than our lands."²

Alice Taylor Nelson:

John asked if Lynn got along well with his brothers and sisters. Alice responded, "Everyone but Elton. Those two clashed! They were very different dispositions and they used to argue and it got into fighting. And see, this was the joke in the family. My mother would run out with a broom, with a poker, or anything. They'd be out on the lawn wrestling and she could see that if it went on, one of them would kill the other because it got so bad. And so she'd run out there and separate them. She'd go out with a broom and swat them. Lynn and Elton were difference in their appearance and everything. Lynn was more refined looking and he cared more. That sort of things. Elton was just a good-natured boy and had his own liking."

Alice also remarked about her mother and the haircuts:

"She would take them outside, put them on the stool, and tie an apron around their necks. Buck and Sanky didn't have a barbershop haircut until they went to college. She always cut their hair and Aunt Lou couldn't even give them a dose of physic, as they called it, so she'd call my mother and she'd hold their noses and hold them down on the ground and pour it in. So, all the neighborhood was dependent on her for everything.³

To keep his growing family of boys busy with some worthwhile project and off the streets, Arthur N. Taylor kept a few cows and horses to take care of as a permanent fixture in the Taylor domain.

Each morning before daybreak the boys would be awakened by their Father with the salutation, "Arise and Shine." Even on the coldest of winter mornings they would roll out of their warm beds, pull on their cold clothes, and go out into the freezing weather to chop up the frozen carrots, which were mixed with hay for cow feed. After the cows were milked, one of them had to take the cows to the pasture, while the others would separate the milk and cream and do other chores. This all had to be taken care of and completed before going to school.

In the afternoon directly after school, instead of going out and playing with the other school kids, it was necessary to report home and prepare for the evening chores. This included getting the cows from the pasture, feeding and milking them, taking care of the horses, the chickens, and the pigs, or getting in the coal, and chopping the kindling wood.

Whenever a holiday came along, to Arthur N. that was a full day's time to be spent working on one of his special projects. To his boys this was not a holiday, but a special work day for they were expected to be present and participate. On one Washington's Birthday, it was building hog pens at the Riverside Farm. On the 4th of July and the 24th of July, it meant being present at Provoana Beach to provide extra help in accommodating the bathers, picnickers, the dancers, or sightseers. On one Labor Day it was pulling and burning weeds and especially cockle burrs along the beach, on the lake front, or the grubbing of willows along the river bank. On Labor Day during the fruit season, there were peaches, pears, apples and other fruit to pick, pack, and ship on the "Hillcrest Farm." On Christmas and New Year's Day after all the chores were finished, the day belonged to the boys. Usually their father would arrange to take his own boys, together with their friends, down to the lake to ice skate. He was a very good ice skater and enjoyed this recreation in the open air very much.⁴

John recalls a story;

There were livestock, including horses. I have a clear memory of dad telling me that when he was little he needed some leather to make a sling shot or perhaps what we used to call a "flipper-crotch" which was a Y-shaped fork cut from a tree, combined with rubber pieces from an old inner-tube. The pad for holding the stone to be propelled had to be a small piece of leather. So dad, not finding the leather he needed, cut one from a new harness. His father was most unhappy about this and severe punishment followed quickly. I don't know what the punishment was, but having myself been severely paddled for my transgressions, I know my

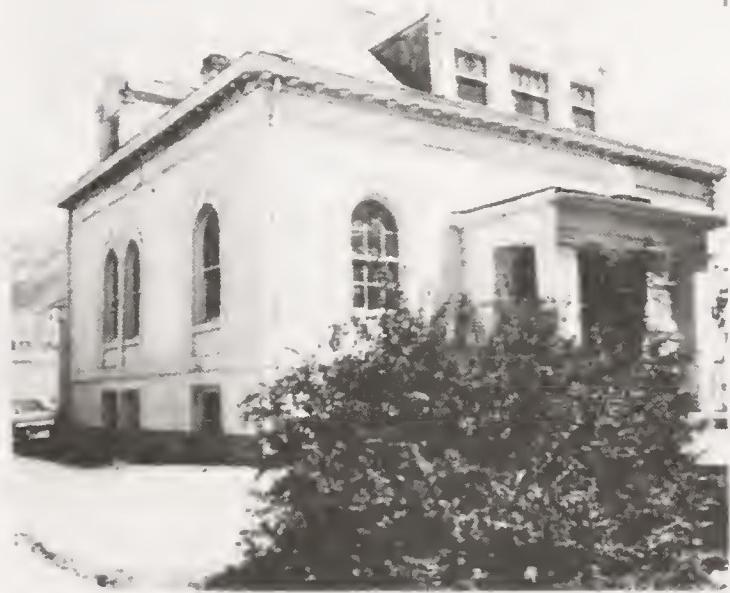
father knew the routine. Seeking confirmation I recently asked both Uncle Bud, and Aunt Alice if they had ever heard it. They had not, but that proves nothing as they were many years younger than dad.⁵



Arthur N. Taylor and sons at 270 North Fifth West. Left to right: First row: Lynn, Kenneth, and Kent (grandson). Second row: Henry, Clarence, Arthur N. (father), Arthur D., and Elton.



Four sons of Arthur N. and Maria Dixon Taylor, all of whom became bishops. From left: Elton L., Henry D., Arthur D. (back), Lynn D.



Old Utah Stake Administration Building
at First North and First West in Provo
where I was baptized. (Now torn down)



A vivid boyhood memory concerns a Street Car System, with small yellow cars resembling the storied Toonerville Trolley which appeared in 1914 as part of the Salt Lake & Utah electric interurban service in Provo. Photo shows a lone streetcar blocked by a 1915 Center Street paving project. Note team of horses climbing ramp with slip scraper to load wagons with gravel. Taylor Brothers Store, with canopy, in background.



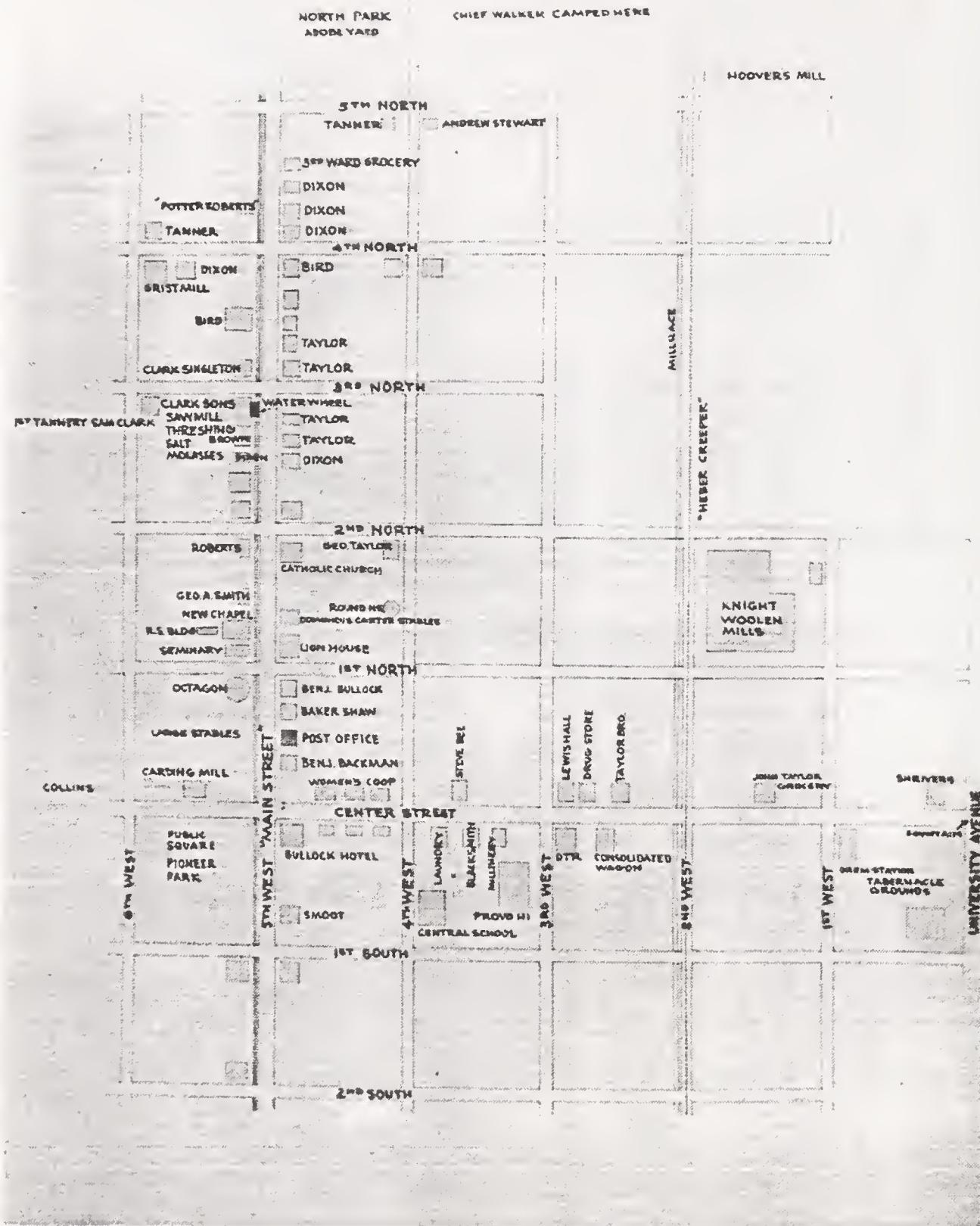
Did you know that Provo once had a train wreck at 200 West and Center? An engine of the Rio Grande "Heber Creeper," going south, smacked the fourth passenger coach of a Salt Lake & Utah RR Interurban train Oct. 4, 1918. Fourteen persons were hurt. The George Taylor home on Second West is visible over the top of the derailed Interurban coach.



United States President William Howard Taft spoke in Provo Tabernacle Sept. 24, 1909. He is shown standing between Sen. Reed Smoot (center) and George Sutherland of U.S. Supreme Court. Others on stand included Utah Gov. William Spry, Jesse Knight, and BYU Pres. George H. Brimhall.



Historic Provo Tabernacle, shown before central tower was removed 1917, dwarfs Meeting House (Old Tabernacle), right. Latter razed in 1918-19.





ARTHUR N. TAYLOR FAMILY: From left, front -- Arthur D., Maria Dixon Taylor (Mother), Ruth Elayne, Arthur N. Taylor (Father), and Lynn D. Back--Elton L., Clarence D., Alice Louise, Henry D., Orson Kenneth.



OUR TAYLOR FAMILY HOME located at 256 North Fifth West in Provo where all the children were born with the exception of Arthur D.

¹ *Henry D. Taylor Autobiography*, Pages 30-31

² *Funeral Remarks*, Ralph B. Keeler

³ *Interview with Alice Nelson*, John A. Taylor

⁴ *Arthur N Taylor and Maria Louise Dixon Taylor*, Page 108

⁵ *Interview with Alice Nelson*, John A. Taylor

HILL CREST FARM

Lynn's parents, Arthur N. and Maria D. Taylor were both hard-working and industrious. They taught him habits of industry and thrift. His father, Arthur, a business entrepreneur who engaged in numerous enterprises, had purchased a farm, not so much for successful farming, but, in his words to Maria, "to keep my sons from off the streets!" While the sons learned to work hard, none of them with perhaps the exception of Elton ever would have anything to do with farming.

With a family of six sons and two daughters, Lynn's father and mother felt the keen necessity and importance of their learning to work. Although his father was a businessman, he

always owned a farm where they were required to work. Three miles from Provo in Grand View, a fruit farm had been purchased from C. E. Loose. It was situated on the brow of a hill overlooking Lake View and Utah Lake. For several summers Lynn's



SCENES FROM TAYLOR GRAND VIEW FARM:
Above, peach season. Upper right,
Henry D. with mother, Maria D. Tay-
lor. Below, our horse "Sage-Cat"
at Deer Creek, ridden by my brother
Elton and Buck Dixon; brother Arthur
at side with rifle. Peach season
photo, left to right: Front, Stan-
ley, Henry D., Clarence D., Alice,
and LeRoy Taylor. Second row: Elton
L., Lynn D. and Leona Taylor, Uncle
Charles O. Dixon, and Arthur D. Tay-
lor. Third row: Aunt Nellie Smith,
Maria D. Taylor, Lily Owen, Aunt Kate
Taylor, two unidentified ladies, our
Uncle Ashted Taylor, and Leona Smith.
Back: Uncle George Smith, Sister Salt

mother, Maria, and all of the family moved to the farm. Lynn's father would travel by bicycle or horse and buggy to his work at Taylor Bros. Co. They learned to spray the fruit trees, to irrigate, and to harvest. Night irrigating was a cold, disagreeable experience and helped discourage us from desiring to become farmers. Maria gloried in farm life. She had an adequate, beautiful garden and so much enjoyed picking the various kinds of vegetables and fruits when they were ripe. In the evening, she delighted in walking down the lane which was along the brow of the hill and admiring the magnificent sunsets. From these experiences and her enthusiasm most of them developed an appreciation for views and sunsets.

When the interurban railroad (Orem) line was built by the Salt Lake and Utah Railroad Company, it passed just below our hill, and when driving our cows down to Farrer's pasture, we

would have to watch carefully and avoid the electric trains. There was a spring in Farrer's pasture. Lush watercress grew in abundance, and it was a favorite spot for the children to go on Easter. The West Union Canal ran through the pasture. It was deep enough to swim in, and they went there often to cool off. Where it was shallow for swimming, they would "mud crawl."

The canal would become filled with moss and other water weeds which would impair the flow of the water. At regular intervals a horse-drawn dredge, with numerous spikes attached, would be pulled along the canal removing the obstructions. Two other sets of railroad tracks, in addition to the Orem Line, ran nearby.

A favorite game as we stood above on the crest of the hill as a freight train approached, was to guess the number of cars the train would be pulling.

The following are remembrances of Maria D. Taylor on the Hillcrest farm as given in her life history:

"My husband and my brother Arthur bought a farm in Grandview (which we named the "Hillcrest Farm") from Ed Loose. Five acres were planted in grapes, not being a very good variety. These were taken out, and in their place eight hundred Bartlett pear trees and a large peach orchard were planted."

At first the six or eight cows were kept in the big red brick barn in the rear of the home on Fifth West. The cows were driven each day to the pasture on Riverside Farm. As the dairy grew, it was necessary to find larger quarters, so the cows were moved out to the fruit farm at "Hillcrest." This farm was located about a mile north and three miles west of Provo on the brow of the hill overlooking Utah Lake. Here a large silo was built for the purpose of storing chopped corn or silage fodder. Additional Holstein and Jersey cows were added to the herd, making a total of from fifteen to twenty cows being milked each day.

At first the whole milk was separated and the cream churned into butter by Arthur's wife, Maria. A large 30 gallon barrel churn, together with a butter machine, was purchased. This was a great help in handling and working with such a large quantity of cream. All of the butter was sold locally to steady customers who declared it was the best butter that could be obtained in Provo. Eventually the butter business became so large it was impossible for Maria D. to take care of her growing family as well as this butter business, so the cream was sold in bulk to various wholesalers in Provo and Salt Lake City.¹

Henry tells of a time that Lynn was taking a load of apples to town and was accompanied by his friend Verdon John. After the boxes were loaded in the wagon, there was a small area left in a corner. Henry requested permission to ride with them. Lynn, although five years senior, was always very good, kind, and thoughtful. Henry was crowded into the small area, and off they started for town. The name of the horse pulling the wagon was "Bert," He was rather a nervous, high-spirited horse. As we were traveling down a slight hill, "Bert" became frightened at something and began to run. Lynn could not control him, and his pace became faster and faster. Down the dug way past Weeter's they went, gaining speed all the way. Henry was bounced and jostled in the small area in which he had to crouch. Finally, just

before we reached the Provo River Bridge, Lynn, by tugging desperately on the bit, was able to bring "Bert" under control; and they all heaved a sigh of relief.

John, in his interview with Alice asked her how they felt about going to work on the farm. She said they resented it. They had to get up early and ride their bicycles out to the farm and milk cows and bring the milk in and then get ready to go to school. Then after school, had their chores to do and then later on, when they moved into Provo from the farm, just were there in the summers.

They had a couple of horses that they kept at the farm. They also had a man down there that was farming the land. The names of the horses were Tony and Prince.²

¹ *Arthur N Taylor and Maria Louise Dixon Taylor*, Page 108

² *Autobiography of Henry Dixon Taylor*, Page 37

PROVONA BEACH

Swimming in Utah Lake was a very popular sport before the lake became polluted. In a family council meeting Lynn's father suggested the possibility of developing a resort at the mouth of Provo River and Utah Lake. This would provide summer employment for those attending school. They were all in agreement.

First, a wooden bridge was built across Provo River. Beams taken from the old Provo meetinghouse (tabernacle) when it was razed in 1918-19 were purchased and used in the bridge building. A dance pavilion was erected with a refreshment facility constructed in the north end. This was about one block east from the shore of Utah Lake. Bathing room facilities were erected near the water's edge. Suits and towels were made available. Rowboats were also available near the dance pavilion.

Lynn's father secured for them a beautiful record player called a "Panatrophe." Groups could drop a nickel in the box, and dance music was available at any time. On Saturday night a live orchestra was hired.

Alice ran the refreshment facility serving hot dogs, hamburgers, soft drinks, ice cream, and malted milks.

Clarence handled the bathhouses. Henry served as manager and drove a Model T Ford converted pick-up to Provo each day picking up meat, hot dog and hamburger buns from Brother Prusse's Bakery, ice cream, candy, and other needed supplies, in addition to making deposits at the bank.¹



Arthur N. Taylor and sons at Provona Beach. Left to right: First row: Clarence, Lynn, and Elton. Second row: Henry, Arthur D., Kenneth, and Arthur N. Taylor (father).

WILDWOOD

Henry D. Taylor:

One of the most memorable spots in the lives of the Taylors was Wildwood. Located in Provo Canyon, 13 miles northeast of Provo, it was a pleasurable spot in the summers.

Early organizers and settlers of Wildwood were the families of E. H. Eastmond, Dr. William Calderwood, Arthur N. Taylor, T. N. Taylor, Alfred Osmond, William S. Rawlings, E. H. Holt, John C Swenson, E. D. Partridge, Caleb Tanner, John Saxy, Joseph B. Keeler, LeRoy Dixon, Moses Gudmundson, John E. Hayes, Jabez W. Dangerfield, Art Dixon, Arnold Dixon, John D. Dixon, and Clarence Hawkins.

Mr. Noon, who was supervisor of maintenance for the railroad that ran from Provo to Heber, lived in the Rock House with his family and had supervision of the resort.

My first memory of our facilities at Wildwood was a cabin consisting of a framework, boarded up about four feet with canvas stretched over the top. Later, the present cabin was built by Charles Miller, a dependable Provo carpenter. It was covered with pine slabs, and the initials ANT placed in the front gable. A porch extended around three sides of the structure. Later, this porch was enclosed and provided additional sleeping quarters.

There were no plumbing or toilet facilities, and a wood privy was some distance from the cabin. Culinary water was obtained from the North Fork Creek, which was hauled in buckets. When dark clouds appeared and a storm seemed imminent, we would get a good supply of water on hand. Following a rainstorm, the water in the creek would be very muddy. Mother would be moved to Wildwood in the early summer with the children where she would remain until fall. Father would drive back and forth daily by horse and buggy.

On the day that Mother was moved to Wildwood, two of us boys would arise early, leaving Provo between 3:30 and 4:00 a.m., leading one of our fine Jersey cows. Our objective was to reach Olmstead at the mouth of the cool canyon by the time the sun came up. It was very hard on cows (and boys) to walk in the heat of the day. We would reach Wildwood before noon and turn the cow into the pasture. Many others would also bring their cows; and when we would all gather at milking time, morning and night, it was a very sociable occasion.

Bonfires in the evening were a highlight in our lives. A night would be determined, usually by Brother William S. Rawlings. Young people would travel through the camp shouting, "Bonfire tonight!" Available men, boys and even some girls would then go on to the mountains and through the camp gathering wood and dead trees.

When dusk arrived, the people in camp would assemble. Programs would be presented around the lighted fire. Many of us will never forget Brother Alfred Osmond's recital with gestures of such poems as "How the Waters Came Down at LaDore" (by Southey). stories were told, songs were sung, and musical numbers rendered.

When I was ten years of age, father took me on my first hike up Mt. Timpanogos.This was before the annual "Timp" hikes were begun. Over the years, I hiked Timp 17 times. In early times, the road from Wildwood to Aspen Grove was steep, narrow, and contained many very large boulders. Wagons drawn by horses carried bedding and food. The road was so steep that it was necessary for us to help push the wagons up the steep hills. The road wound back and forth across the North Fork Creek. Narrow, wooden bridges had to be crossed many times. These crossings were given numbers. Along the way we would pass Scott's Mine.

A major sport, and also a means of keeping clean, was swimming in Provo River. A diving board was erected on the left bank of the river. There was a fair current, and the water was deep enough to provide adequate swimming. The swimming hole was located above the point where the North Fork Creek emptied into the river.

Mother seemed to be the "patron saint" to the young people. She loved to paddle around in the shallow water. When children would ask their parents for permission to go swimming, they would be answered: "You may go if Aunt Rye Taylor is going to be there." They didn't know that Mother couldn't swim a stroke. Yet she took the young people by the dozens, and the parents felt that they had no worries.

The big event of the day at Wildwood was the arrival of the train (affectionately called "The Heber Creeper), which came up from Provo each evening and terminated at Heber., It would bring mail, passengers, and food supplies. Long before train time, members of the camp would assemble down near the tracks. Women and men would visit in the shade. A narrow wooden bridge which spanned the river would be crossed by the children, who would walk on the rails and climb the steep incline from the tracks. Nails would be laid on the rails and empty gun (bullet) shells. Later, these would be flattened by the train. As the train would approach and a warning whistle sounded, people would approach the tracks to greet new arrivals. It was an exciting event.

A favorite pastime was a walk down the canyon one mile from Wildwood to a resort. Originally it was called South Fork, then "Slicks." Later, John Carter bought and developed the resort. Grover Purvance, his son-in-law, was associated with him. The resort was given the name of "Vivian Park." Purvance's little girl was named Vivian, and I assume Carter wanted the resort named for his granddaughter.

A trip from Wildwood to Midway was always an enjoyable event. There were two resorts that were referred to as "Hot Pots." Hot water came from underground sources. One was run by and called "Schneitters," later owned by the Whitakers, and now owned and operated by Alan Madsen and named "Homestead." The other was called "Luke's " and is now named "The Spa." Uncle John Dixon owned a horse called "mike. His son Rulon, who was nicknamed "Abe," drove us to the Hot Pots one day in a small wagon. As Abe would touch Mike gently with the whip, he would observe: "Faith without works is dead."

At one time we owned a medium-sized native horse that we called "Sage Cat." The former owner had lived in Wallsburg. One morning as we were eating breakfast at Wildwood we looked upon the hill across the creek, which we called "Rattle Snake Flat," and someone remarked: "There is a horse up on the flat, and it looks like, Sage Cat." Investigation was made

and, sure enough, it was our horse, which had traveled all the way from Provo, evidently headed for Wallsburg.

These are happy boyhood memories of Wildwood. There are many others....There also was the annual hike up the east mountain, across the river, to post the Stars and Stripes on the flag cliff for the season. This important event was usually held back until all camp residents had arrived for the summer so that their hearts, too, could swell in patriotism upon seeing the country'[s symbol unfurled on the mountain peak.¹



A. N. Taylor Wildwood cabin, May 1938.



On Timp's saddle about 1913. From left, Arthur D. Taylor, John D. Dixon, Royden Dangerfield, Victor R. Taylor, Henry D. Taylor, Arthur N. Taylor (father), J. Hunter Manson, Fred Dixon, Walter Dixon.



Provo River at Wildwood. From left on board: Lynn D. Taylor, Verdun John, Truman Partridge, Palon S. Dixon, Donnel Powellson, Victor Ashworth. In water, A. N. Taylor (my father), Henry D. Taylor, and Fred W. Dixon.



On front porch of cabin at Wildwood. From left: Front row, Alice (sister), Sarah Dixon (cousin), Edna Dixon (cousin). Second row, Grandmother Sarah DeGrey Dixon and Grandmother Eliza Nicholls Taylor. Back row, my brother Kenneth, mother, Maria Dixon Taylor, and my baby sister Ruth. Pictured at right in Wildwood pasture: Henry D. Taylor, left, and my brother Kenneth, with our Jersey cow in back.

¹ *Autobiography of Henry Dixon Taylor, Page 45-48*

GOLD BRICKERS

Lynn D. Taylor was a charter member of the Gold Brickers and was the first president. He designed the official pin for the organization.

Henry D. Taylor:

In the year 1917, World War I was in progress. A training program for soldiers had been established at BYU known as the Student Army Training Corps (SATC). Students who were old enough were enrolled. My brothers, Lynn and Elton, were both members, as was Ernest L. Wilkinson, who later became president of BYU. The Maeser Memorial Building served as barracks for the troops. Looking forward to the time when the war would be ended and they would be back in school, some of the boys decided to form a club. It was named the "Gold-Brickers Club." The charter members were:

Rulon S. Dixon

Clarence Edwards

Reed E. Holt

Lynn D. Taylor

Elmer R. Baddley

Ralph B. Keeler

J. Aldous Markham

A. Rex Johnson

Ralstone Irvine

Vernon C. Talboe

Later years other persons joined.

To be a member of the club, the person had to be a college student, unmarried, of good moral character, and maintain high standards.

With my brother, Lynn, as a charter member, I observed with keen interest the activities and progress of the club. The initiation ceremonies were intriguing. In the center of the intersection of Academy (now University) Avenue and Main (now Center) Street was an unique water fountain. Those being initiated dressed in fishing outfits, compete with hip boots, and were required to stand in the midst of traffic (rather light in those days) and cast their rods into the fountain. They were then required to walk down Main Street fishing in the gutter along the sidewalks.

Lynn wrote, "...around Thanksgiving time each year they would hold an enjoyable dinner and dance at the Hotel Roberts.

Later, during the administration of Franklin S. Harris as president of BYU, it was determined that no social clubs would be allowed to function on the campus. So on the night of April 19, 1924, a funeral service was held for the Gold Brickers Club in the Fourth Ward Recreation Hall. A small casket was borrowed from the Berg Mortuary, a brick painted gold color was placed in it; and the members of the club, with white gloves, serving as pall-bearers, carried and followed the coffin in a solemn processional march. A dance then concluded the



GOLDBRICKERS AT BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY. (PHOTOS TAKEN 1922)

Top Row-- Clarence O. Edwards, Raymond Taylor, J. Aldous Markham, Rulon S. Dixon, F. Clyde Keyte, and Vernon C. Tolboe.

Middle Row-- Owen T. Romney, Daniel M. Keeler, West Parkinson, Lynn D. Taylor, Henry D. Taylor, and A. Rex Johnson.

Bottom Row-- U. Lynn Miller, Fred L. Markham, J. Stewart Williams, Ralph B. Keeler, Rulon C. Van Wagener, Glen Crandall.

Goldbricker initiation (photo lower right) took place at North Park. From left: Raymond Taylor, Owen Romney, Rulon Van Wagener, and Henry D. Taylor (on pony).



evening. The printed dance program, which was etched in black and contained a picture of a gold brick.

We had a character in the Club known as "Abe" Dixon... He was always a hefty lad -He's a conservative 250 pounds now, and was always the life of the party. He had an old model T. Ford—one of the first in town and he called it "inertia". It was always driven through the gate on the lower campus and tied up to one of the trees on the lawn, with a piece of cord string. It had no key and all the "Brickers" used it whenever they wished. It was quite a sight to see

"Inertia" dodging through the trees and along the walks, around the buildings, with a load of guys and gals."

"Each spring, Girls' Day was celebrated. "Aunt Alice Reynolds" the counterpart of your Dean of Women today, had charge of the arrangements for this day. It was customary to nominate several girls for queen and elect the winner of the day before the event. When the nominations were completed it was discovered that "Abe" Dixon's name was entered. All the Brickers got out and worked and "Abe" polled by far the biggest vote. "Aunt Alice" wrung her hands and plead for justice. The highest girl vote was finally named queen and "Abe" was featured as "King".



The Annual Bricker Festival was a canyon week-end party. These parties were held at Wildwood and were wonderfully successful. It was here that the loving cup contest developed. I'm reminded of one little incident. "Abe" Dixon's fiancé was on a mission and he had asked another girl to go to the party with him. We ganged up on him the last day while loving cup nominations were being made and insisted that he won, hands down. Some impassioned

oratory supported his candidacy, while "Abe" squirmed and stuttered and tried to plead innocent. As a matter of fact, the girl he had taken was upset because he had been so distant."¹



BRICKER FESTIVAL AT "WILDWOOD" - ABOUT 1924: Left to right: Front row: J. Stewart Williams, Rulon C. Van Wagenen, Stanley R. Dean, and Merrill J. Bunnell. Back row: Lynn D. Taylor, Celestia Johnson, the cook, Roma Larsen, Henry D. Taylor, Frederick R. Hinckley, and Clara Creer.

¹ *Autobiography of Henry Dixon Taylor*, Page 58-59

BRICKERHAVEN

Ralph B. Keeler:

"Lynn enjoyed his companions and wanted for them everything that he wanted for himself. I believe it was this friendliness, coupled with his boyhood days in Wildwood, which inspired him to conceive Brickerhaven. In this connection I recall his approaching me one day in the upper hall of the old education building, and suggesting the startling thought that, upon graduation we might be separated. He added, further, that all the boys – Vern, Bish, Abe, Lewy, Harold, Bill Bunk, Henry Dan, Clarence, Elmer, Fred and Buck (he named them all) also will go their separate ways. "therefore," he insisted, "we must do something to draw us back together." While I floundered in consideration, he was ready with a full answer.

"You remember how it was in Wildwood?" I nodded in agreement. "Well, there's a nice acreage in Stewart's Fork which, I believe, we can buy."

Thus, his creativity had conceived a new summer area in the mountains where all his friends could be near. Ultimately, he became Brickerhaven's corporate president and guiding hand, and remained an officer until his death. He and Cess built the first home in the area, pioneering the roads, the water, and the power. Here they indoctrinated their children with love for mountain streams, and in their cabin surrounded them with family solidarity. The fourth-of July was extra special for them. It became the family day. And, always, relatives and friends were invited to join, and partake of their hospitality and family spirit on this and other days throughout the summer. It has been our pleasure to be with them often."¹

Henry D. Taylor:

"In the early 1920's an annual Spring Festival was held by the Goldbrickers of Wildwood, together with their partners. One enjoyable tradition was a hike to Stewart's Falls, often called Stewart's Cascades. The area was so beautiful that we thought it would be wonderful if we could one day own and construct summer homes in that area. After years of wishful thinking, in the late 1926, negotiations were completed with Scott P. Stewart, who represented the owners of the North Fork Investment Company, for the purchase of the "flat", and adjoining areas. So, on November 15, 1926, shortly before I returned from my mission, an option payment of \$25 was made by Lynn D. Taylor, William J. Snow Jr., and Victor R. Taylor, as trustees for the Goldbrickers, to the North Fork Investment Company. An agreement was drawn up which provided for an additional \$225 as a down payment, to be paid on January 18, 1927; \$283 on January 18, 1918, and \$283.34 due and payable on July 18, 1928, for a total of \$1,100 This purchase included approximately fifteen and one-half acres at \$70 per acre. The unpaid balance was to draw interest at the rate of 7% and was to be paid with the semi-annual payments.

Being students, we didn't have much money, so we would pay an additional \$1 with our monthly dues. This entitled us to hold one share of stock in the corporation that was called the "Brickerhaven Country Club." The cost of each share was \$25.

At a board meeting held on April 14, 1943, it was decided to change the name of the corporation from "Brickerhaven Country Club" to Brickerhaven Corporation." It was also decided that those who had not been Brickers would be allowed to purchase from a Bricker his stock in the corporation with the consent of the other members. This far-sighted decision has made possible the erection of many beautiful summer homes.....

In November 1966 an additional .184 acres were purchased from F. Paul Stewart, a son of Scott P. Stewart, for the sum of \$1,000, as he had acquired the property of the North Forth Investment Company.

On September 10, 1971, a small area was purchased from Robert Redford, who owns the "Sundance Resort," for the sum of \$2,376. This was to provide a site for our culinary water reservoir, and sufficient land to allow for the loop road on the west end of the Brickehaven property.²

John A. Taylor:

I can recall very clearly, the days before there were any cabins in Brickerhaven, and I suppose Janice can remember too.

The road up Provo Canyon was very narrow and twisty, and the road from Wildwood to Aspen Grove even more so. The road up into the Bricker Haven, area ended at Mutual Girls Home turn-off. From there up to Stewart's Falls was only a trail. The meadow was at that time called "Stewart's Flat," and there we would picnic. There were no cabins. For little kids with short legs it was a long hike.

Dad had long planned to build a summer home there. He had been conditioned to love the canyon as a boy, when his own father had been one of the pioneers of the Wildwood development. When Dad was in college, he and a group of his Gold Bricker chums had the foresight to buy a good-sized tract of land from the Stewart Family, at about \$25 an acre. As you know, Dad was one of the Charter members of the Gold Brickers.

In the early '30's Dad arranged to take over a debt owed by a lumberman who bought home furnishings from Dixon-Taylor-Russell Co. Dad took a large amount of rough-cut lumber in exchange, and put it in storage for a few years in a warehouse. In this load were the 12'x12' timbers that are so important in the cabin.

Dad's chance came in 1940 or thereabouts, when Angus Wall moved into the abandoned Mulestein home a few hundred feet from the old Leichty home which still stands. Merrill Bushnell's home is built on the very spot. The Wall Family moved to Provo just before the outbreak of World War II, from Colonia Dublan, Chihuahua, Mexico. Angus was a rough carpenter with a large family. Dad was bishop of the old Pleasant View Ward, and was very helpful to the Walls in their getting established. As I recall, the children were Helena, Roy, Frank, John and a younger daughter Reva Mae, and David.

Dad designed the cabin and hired Angus to build it, in the summer of 1941. Angus and his older sons camped out on the flat. Dad would come up as often as he could, nights and weekends during the construction. It was a great project and one of the thrills of his life. He

loved it up there so much that we would move up in the early spring and not move back to Provo until school was ready to start. He would drive up and down to work every day.

In those days where did we get our drinking water? Out of a bucket dipped into the creek! Where was our toilet? In a little shack on the hill above. It was so scary, for a little kid to have to go out of the cabin on a pitch black night and climb up the hill in the dark...all the while listening for bears, I might add! What did we do for light in the cabin? Coleman Lanterns, rarely candles, and coal-oil lanterns. The fireplace was our only source of heat. Of course, there was the kitchen stove too.

We children had very happy times, have very happy memories of when Mom and Dad, and Kathryn were alive, and we were all warm and secure in front of our big fireplace.

You have all heard me say that when Mother had her stroke on December 31, 1994, and we could no longer go up to her beloved cabin, it was as if a light had been turned-out. The cabin did not feel the same. It was not warm and comfortable, but ..cold and austere. In actual fact, some things had changed and much for the worse. We simply had no idea. John's account continues on about how the cabin was restored and cared for.³



Painting from Photograph by
Lynn Anne Taylor Richards

¹ Ralph B. Keeler, Funeral

² *Autobiography of Henry Dixon Taylor*, Page 62

³ Letter to Janice, John A. Taylor

A HISTORY OF BRICKERHAVEN

In May of 1926, three members of the Goldbrickers Club, an off campus organization, but comprised mainly of BYU students, were delegated to meet with Scott P. Stewart, Secretary & Treasurer of the North Fork Investment Company, owners of approximately 2,000 acres of land in the North Fork of Provo Canyon.

These three members, Lynn D. Taylor, William J. Snow, and Victor R. Taylor, were charged with the responsibility of selecting the most desirable site in all North Fork on which a summer "haven" or retreat could be established with summer homes for the alumni and a club house or lodge for the unmarried active school members.

The three members spent several days hiking to all of the choice sites on the Stewart property in the North Fork. Scott P. Stewart had been very kind to them by spending so much time in showing them the different sites and allowing them to make their selection of any location. After their choice of a site, they were privileged to designate its boundaries. The site where the Mutual Girls Home was later built was passed up in favor of the present location of BRICKERHAVEN. The club accepted the selection made by these three members by paying a \$25 "earnest money" option for about 15 acres of land. This option was made on November 5, 1926.

January 18, 1927, a contract for the purchase of 15.5 acres of land from the North Fork Investment Company was signed by Lynn D. Taylor, William J. Snow Jr., and Victor R. Taylor. The purchase price was \$1,100; \$225 down, four payments annually of \$283.33 at 7% interest.

To meet the annual installment payments for the purchase of this property, each Bricker was to pay \$1.00 a month. The monthly Club dues were \$5.00 and \$1.00 of this was earmarked for land purchase. The other \$4.00 was for parties, luncheons, and Club expenses.

It was not until July 19, 1928 that the Articles of Incorporation for Brickerhaven Country Club, a non-profit organization, was filed with the Secretary of the State of Utah.

By March 5, 1927, the following six members had paid in full their \$25.00, which was the value of one share of stock in the canyon project:

Mark K. Allen

Paul S. Dixon

Thomas Pyne

William J. Snow Jr.

Henry D. Taylor

Lynn D. Taylor

By September 1, 1927, two more members, Robert K. Allen and Victor R. Taylor had paid their \$25.00. At this time a drawing for lot choice was as follows:

1. Lynn D. Taylor

2. Henry D. Taylor
3. William J. Snow Jr.
4. Mark K. Allen
5. Paul S. Dixon
6. Robert K. Allen
7. Thomas Pyne
8. Victor R. Taylor

By February 17, 1930, the names of Harold W. Brown, Ralph B. Keeler and Eugene Allen were added to the list of paid-up members.

At the July 1930 Annual Stockholder' Meeting, an assessment of \$7.50 a share was levied against the stock of the Brickerhaven Country Club in order to "provide funds for incidental expenses such as stock certificates, letters, blue prints, taxes and etc.; and to cover final payment on the property." This assessment letter further states, "It is of interest to note that \$950 of the purchase price has been paid and there only remains \$180.00 to be paid. There are thirty-six paid-up stockholders. The outlook for the property is bright. The Y.L.M.I.A. has purchased property just below ours and they are beginning a road that will make our property accessible."

By September 6, 1930, sufficient cash had been received from the assessments to send the North Fork Investment Company a check to pay the balance of the sales contract for the purchase of 15.5 acres of land near the Stewart Cascade. The North Fork Investment Company drew up a warranty deed to the Brickerhaven Country Club, transferring title to 15.5 acres of land in the North Fork of Provo Canyon. This deed was signed by John R. Stewart, President and Scott P. Stewart, Secretary & Treasurer.

With the property now in the name of Brickerhaven Country Club, a definite assignment of lots to each paid-up member was accomplished by selection. First choice of lots was selected by commencing with the lowest number 1, which was Lynn D. Taylor.

Order for choice of lots was:

1. Lynn D. Taylor
2. Henry D. Taylor
3. William J. Snow Jr.
4. Mark K. Allen
5. Paul S. Dixon
6. Robert K. Allen
7. Thomas Pyne
8. Victor R. Taylor
9. J. Aldous Markham
10. Joseph K. Allen
11. Robert N. Anderson
12. Wesley Johnson
13. Thalman Hasler

14. William F. Edwards
15. Dix. M. Jones
16. LeRoy Bunnell
17. Vern Talboe
18. Wesley P. Lloyd
19. Elmer Baddley
20. Merrill Bunnell
21. Donald P. Lloyd
22. U. Lynn Miller
23. Clarence D. Taylor
24. Karl Bunnell
25. Ralph B. Keeler
26. Vern Worthington
27. Loren C. Bryner
28. Kenneth Handley
29. Fred L. Moore
30. Don Forbett
31. R. Thornton Snow
32. John Allen
33. A. Rex Johnson
34. David Hart
35. Harold W. Brown
36. Eugene Allen
37. C. E. "Star" Nelson

Later additions were:

38. Harold Candland
39. A. Sherman Christensen
40. O. Kenneth Taylor
41. C. R. Peterson
42. Floyd Millett
43. Ralph Reed Olsen
44. Clyde Summerhays
45. Grant A. Fisher

In the summer of 1930, members of the Utah and Sharon Stakes and a group of fifteen Brickers, were able to complete a rough graded road up to the white clay deposits, which were about half-way to the newly acquired Mutual Girls property.

With the advent of the "depression" and other factors, it was not until 1938, that an automobile road was constructed to the East line of the Brickerhaven property.

To assure privacy at Brickerhaven, permission was obtained from Scott P. Steward to erect a gate, on his property, at the turnoff point where the road turned East and went up the hill to the Mutual Girls Lodge.

It was during these "depression" years that money was extremely hard to raise. Taxes, surveying bills and other expenses accumulated and were overdue. The small assessments made were not immediately paid by all the members. To forestall a lawsuit with the surveyor for an extra amount of work he had performed and which had not been previously paid, the survey bill was assumed and paid by Lynn and Henry Taylor.

In August of 1930, some of the Brickers in New York City refused to pay their assessments until a list of nine questions pertaining to the Corporation were answered to their satisfaction. They also desired representation on the Board of Directors and requested advance information pertaining to all matters to be taken up at the regular stockholders' meetings.

The requested questions were answered in a letter from the President, Lynn D. Taylor, and the Secretary and Treasurer, R. T. Snow, dated September 3, 1930. This letter closed with the following paragraph: "We are hoping and praying that we shall receive by return mail not only your checks, but much more important, a rousing vote of confidence in your officers whom you did not elect."

That September 3rd letter was greatly appreciated and supplied wanted information and action, for all immediately sent their assessment checks.

In June of 1938, a B. D. Palfreyman bulldozer was hired to extend the road from the YWMIA turnoff to the Brickerhaven property. It then continued following the creek to the West boundary line where a U-shaped dugway road was constructed to connect the lower area with the upper bench area. A rough roadway was outlined by the bulldozer as it pushed out bushes, small trees and leveled a road grade on this upper bench area. Most all lots now had an access road to them.

The following year, Lynn D. Taylor commenced to build his cabin at Brickerhaven. For culinary water he dug into the South hillside and developed a spring which was then piped into his cabin. When he first moved into his cabin he did not have electricity but had to use kerosene lamps and candles. In the spring of 1951 the Utah Power and Light Company extended their power lines from the MIA Girls Home to supply power to Lynn D. Taylor, and a new cabin built by Sarah Dixon and Clyde Summerhays. Lynn and Clyde were requested to guarantee a payment of \$30 per year for the next five years. Brickerhaven paid \$521.00.

Realizing the need for additional land at the East entrance of our property and also for a buffer area to the South of the property, as sales contract was made with the North Fork Investment Company on December 1, 1939, for the purchase of 5.62 acres of land.

With the acquisition of this additional land, contracts for the sale of three more shares of stock were made to Floyd Millett, Kenneth Taylor and C. R. Peterson.

Over the years, some of the old members who had moved from Utah and had established homes elsewhere, lost interest in the Brickerhaven project. Others had not

kept up their assessments and others had not paid-up in full on their original stock purchase, dating back to the time they had left school

To clarify this tangled "state of affairs," a letter dated November 18, 1949, signed by the Brickerhaven President, Lynn D. Taylor, and which had been duly authorized by the Board of Trustees, was sent to all active, inactive, delinquent, and other persons who may have acquired an interest in the corporation.

1. It changed the name from Brickerhaven Country Club to BRICKERHAVEN CORPORATION.

2. It amplified the purpose and objectives of the non-profit organization.

3. It added the office of Vice-President and defined his duties.

4. It provided for a Board of Trustees to consist of between five and nine members. Their three-year terms of office to be staggered.

5. Qualification of new membership consisted of at least a two-thirds favorable vote of existing members. Previously, membership was limited to members of the Brickers or Nugget Club.

6. Action to be followed for termination of membership.

7. Period of existence was changed from fifty years to ninety-nine years.

Forty foot lots were shown on the original Brickerhaven lot plat. In July of 1937, the width of the lots was increased to sixty feet. At this time it was agreed that any unassigned lot could be selected by a member who wanted to change from his present location. The selection to be allowed on a member's choice of lot priority. This was when Henry and Lynn changed from their choice of lot on the South bench to their present location on the creek.

On June 26, 1960, the following motion was accepted by the Trustees of Brickerhaven Corporation: "Whereas the new zoning laws of Utah County requires the formation of enlarged lots and the filing of a plat plan of lots with the Planning Commission and the Utah County Recorder; whereas in order to comply with the new ordinance, the size of the lots at Brickerhaven must be increased in size. Resolved that the Plat of new lots as shown on the annexed plat, prepared by I. Dale Despain, with the metes and bounds to be thereon indicated; be hereby approved and the Secretary be authorized to file the plat with the Planning Commission and with such other County Officers as required by law..." Be it further resolved that where the re-arrangement of lots made necessary by the zoning ordinance, and as indicated on said plat makes it impossible to provide for the number of lots as originally planned and results in a decrease in the number of lots in a given area; the existing assignment will be deemed to apply."

Once again the lots were increased in size from the former ninety foot frontage lots and which necessitated some of the lower priority list members to relocate and select another lot. Where originally there were more than one hundred lots, it was now

narrowed down to thirty lots with various widths and depths all depending on the anticipated location of the house. The completed plat was filed with the Utah County Recorder, as required. Immediately, property taxes sky-rocketed from around \$22 for all the Brickerhaven Property to over \$600 a year.

A permanent culinary water right had been one of the foremost objectives of the Club since its beginning. Investigations had been made into the possibility of buying shares of stock in an irrigation company in the valley and exchanging for water in the canyon, or buying Deer Creek reservoir water, or in locating a primary water right and buying it. After years of searching, Jean Hoover, who had bought one of the original Hoover Ranches in the Deer Creek area, was converted to the proposition of selling Brickerhaven a small portion of his primary water rights in the Provo River, in 1961. The point of diversion of this water was then changed from its original source to the Bricker spring, which was south and west of Brickerhaven. This spring had previously been dug out, developed and a small cement collection box constructed which flowed into a four inch cast iron pipeline and which ran 1,744 feet down the Brickerhaven property and overflowed into the creek. From this four inch line, a two inch galvanized metal pipeline serviced the upper bench area and another two inch line serviced the lower area. In 1953, the total cost of this water project amounted to \$6,494.41

With the Brickerhaven property located in the middle of the Stewart property and with the knowledge that there would be cattle and sheep grazing on the Stewart property, it was a known fact from the beginning that eventually the Brickerhaven property would have to be fenced on four sides to keep the livestock out. The officers, realizing that it would work a hardship on the stockholders to fence the whole area in one years and costing about \$5,000, decided that each year a section of fence would be installed, thus spreading the cost over several years.

In 1961, the East gate was installed. In 1963, the East chain link fence was installed for \$481.23. In 1964, all of the West fence and a portion of the South fence was built for \$1,425.10. Another section of the South fence and a portion of the North fence was constructed in 1967 for \$1,907.38. \$1,884.36 completed the remainder of the fence in 1968. The total cost of the net wire fencing project was \$5,293.02.

The perennial problem of water washing the dirt and gravel off the roads, coupled with the cars flipping and pushing gravel from the wheel tracks to the center of the road or off to the side of the road and which required continuous road work and repairs to keep in good shape, prompted the Corporation Officers to investigate the cost and feasibility of hard-surfacing the road, as a solution to their problem. In 1967, an allotment of \$2,000 was allotted to complete the hard-surfacing up the hill to Ethelyn Taylor's lot on the upper bench and continuing from Clyde Summerhays' lot to ElRoy Nelson's lot on the lower road.

On August 3, 1968 at the Annual Stockholders Meeting held at Brickerhaven, the members of the Brickerhaven Corporation accepted and adopted twenty By-laws for the governing of the Corporation.¹

TEXTURED BEAUTY

*I awoke this morning to textured beauty:
Leaves of every size gently brushed my window;
 Miniature leaves laced through branches;
Varied colored leaves gently touched each other;
Dew cooled the tender vines and fragile leaves;
 Varied shapes and colors of leaves
Were woven—latticed netlike—for this morning's sun.*

*I strolled on textured ground beside the leaping stream
 On soft colors of ancient rocks,
Structured in multitudinous shapes of greys and crystal,
 And worn rose-brown of ancient days.*

*I viewed silhouetted pines, reaching, reaching—
 Fringing the Blue sky edge.
Great pines, unhampered, caressed the blue.
 Tender, new-born Aspen leaves seemed
 Knitted among Old pines,
Whose roots appeared soft fleeced by slender grass in
 Satin-stitched designs.
Satinlike grass unfolded from mere spikes of virgin green,
 Grew in close-knit friendly clusters.
Flowers delicately dotted the soft greens.*

*I heard live surging water rush,
Moving, racing, eternal water;
 Channeling over boulder beds;
Polishing rough surfaces with velvet mosses;
 Leaping on and on,
Sucking danger into hidden caves,
 Bounding over patterned surfaces;
Teasing tender plants on precipitous edge.*

*I noted great sweeping curves, hewn by the powerful hidden
Currents of the gnashing waterfalls.*

*I followed a miniature stream that edged the great gushing one—
The tender blades of grass that laced the shallow banks
 Were clean and safe.*

*I awoke to myriad visions and unvoiced sounds this morning
All structured from gossamer to colossal; from torrent
Stream of surging rapids to bell-like trickle;
A chipmunk poised on a sun-warmed stone and became
Aware of other life,
To a sacred world of mountain peaks and pine-edged sky.
Only the sun and God could glimpse into this Heaven.*

*Today, I entered into more than fringe beauty and saw the secrets
Of a thousand nature dimensions—depths and breadths, and heights.
How could the Lord know my healing needs this luscious day?
Now as I leave, a secret warmth envelops me.
Harsh sounds and words are cushioned by the delicate and
The strong protective safeguard of
My discovery—TEXTURED BEAUTY.*

*NOTE: NOT FINISHED OR POLISHED. This is how I felt that memorable morning in your Canyon
Heaven A.B.H.) Anna B. Hart*



Saturday, September 16, 2006 - Brickerhaven, 7:30 a.m.
Clouds like the gilded, golden breath of God drifting across
a robin's-egg blue heaven.
Mountain peaks dusted with the primer coat of snow as on
the onset of a master painting.
Aspens touched with a brush of gold leaf, quaking in the
gentle drift of air.

The rich crimson of the oaks dotted along the mountain slopes.
Stately conefirs, sentinels in the rapidly changing forest scene.

The close of summer, hummingbirds flown south..
Scolding squirrels finishing their stashes of cones
for the coming winter.

Gentle mule deer, gliding past my windows, stopping,
Standing silently, looking into my wondering eyes

An overwhelming feeling of awe at the glory of this morning,
of this fleeting moment of time.

Janice





Painting by Kathryn Dee Taylor Brockbank

TO LYNN AND CELESTIA

1.

In Lynnwood's Celestial retreat I rest
With nature's hand in mine.
With love of Life I now am blessed
'Mid moonlight, shade and shine
No joy is half so real as this-
No pleasure so divine;
It is indeed Celestial bliss
To camp beneath the pine

2.

The singing stream beside my bed
The perfume breathing flowers
The silent trees above my head
Which hold my gaze for hours.
The sky beyond deep blue and clear
And free from troubled clouds
Suggests a distant heaven there
All free from noise and crowds

3.

If Heaven there be, Celest and Lynn,
I'm sure 'twill be quite like your own.
A sweet retreat from city's din
A peace pervaded canyon home
With lofty peaks all around
With waterfalls from water sheds
With incense rising from the ground
And friends to share your board and beds

A thousand thanks for your delightful hospitality.

Yours, *Eugene L. Roberts*

July 3, 1947

*For Sytha B. Roberts
Jennie Knight Mangum*

¹ *A History of Brickerhaven*

MY LIFE IN PROVO CANYON

Janice Taylor DeGraw

As far back as I can remember, Provo Canyon played a major role in my life. As a child, many summer days were spent at Wildwood at my Grandma Taylor's cabin. (The ANT cabin) Named for Grandpa Arthur Nicholas Taylor. Along with my cousin Dixie, Merle Taylor, Patsy Anderson, Ann Whiting and others, we played on the swings in the meadow, spent our pennies at Offret's store and swam in the Provo River with Grandma Taylor as a chaperone. All the kids went swimming with Grandma (Aunt Rye) and their parents felt safe even though she couldn't swim a stroke. I remember being caught in the water moss and Grandma running along the bank very worried. I was able to extricate myself in time. I remember walking barefooted on the hot tar of the highway and the smell and the shimmering heat of the road. There was a tennis court in front of Grandma's cabin and we used to spend hours playing tennis. I remember evenings walking up the camp and meeting others along the way. Wildwood always had a very neighborly feeling. We also enjoyed campfires at night and Church on Sunday.

Our family often stayed at a cabin there belonging to Grandma's brother, Arnold Dixon. I remember playing in the creek outside the door and finding pretty rocks, which I imagined were people and I would create stories for them.

Grandma had back problems, which turned into cancer. I remember sleeping in her back bedroom with her and rubbing her back. From that bedroom we could hear the soothing sound of the creek and the few cars and trucks that went up the road to Aspen Grove. We children used to take bottle caps across the bridge of the creek to the railroad tracks there and wait for the train to smash them. Sometimes we put pennies there also.

When I was about 8 or 9 Dad started building a cabin in Brickerhaven. He had been a charter member of the Bricker Social Unit at Brigham Young University. He and other charter members, with his encouragement, purchased a tract of land from Ray Stewart who owned the area. They formed a corporation and each paid \$25 a share. Ray Stewart owned sheep, which he herded on the meadow below Stewart Falls.

Dad built the first cabin there with the help of a neighbor, Angus Wall, who lived above us on the Provo Hill. Dad spent hours sawing and stripping pine logs to line the cabin with. Dad was a real pioneer (or Hermit) and he dearly loved the area. The cabin had two bedrooms (one a loft), a bathroom, kitchen and large living area. Dad furnished it with antique furniture from Dixon Taylor Russell where he was a partner in the family furniture store. The cabin was situated right beside the creek. After Dad died in 1967, Mother added another bedroom and built a deck alongside the creek.

During the first years there was no electricity or plumbing. Mother had a coal and wood stove and we used paraffin lamps for light. We got our water out of a stream that ran into the creek. Wild mint grew along the stream and we used it for garnish. We also had an outhouse up on the hill above the cabin. It used to be spooky to go up there at night. The only heat we

had was the fireplace and I remember wonderful fires in the evenings, roasting wieners and marshmallows.

Dad would go down to work each Monday through Saturday and drive back at night. We would be in the canyon alone with Mother and no telephone. Mother was very hardy and would walk with us up to Stewart's Falls every morning. Our little Cocker Spaniel, Rusty, would go along with us, sniffing everything as he went. In the evenings by the fire and the gas lamp, Mother would read to us children's classics (Tom Sawyer, Robinson Crusoe, Kidnapped, the Oz books, the fairy tale, etc.) Often cousins or friends would stay with us. We entertained ourselves by playing in the creek, even swimming in it and freezing our "ninnies" off. We built moss gardens and grass huts and played jungle games. We hiked up to Stewart Falls and on up to Aspen Grove and back down the road.

My dearest grade school friend, Mary Young, and her family had a cabin further up the canyon almost to Aspen Grove. It was very rustic. They got their water from a creek below them and used a pulley and buckets to get the water. Mary had a wonderful collection of Storybook dolls and I loved to play with them. Her father was a great friend of the Indians and he often invited some to stay at his cabin. It was a thrill to watch them practice their dances and songs. They would usually wear their native dress also.

Mary's father, Karl, was a rather gruff man and I was in awe of him. I'll never forget one of the most embarrassing moments of my life. I was staying over and in the night I had to get up and use the chamber pot. I let out a big burst of gas and Karl roared with laughter.

The sheepherders were still in the meadow after our cabin was built. I remember on hikes to the falls I would stop at his camp wagon. He would carve me a monkey out of peach stones and they were wonderful. He was a Mexican and had a beautiful little daughter a little younger than I. I thought she was adorable.

We had to watch out for ticks and I had several experiences with them. I remember one time Mother took me to Dr. Wolf to remove a tick from my neck. Afterwards I told everyone that Dr. Tick removed the wolf.

The Mutual Girls home was only a short walk down the road from us and we used to go there and buy candy and meet the girls staying there. One week I stayed there with girls from our ward in Provo. We rose early one morning and hiked to Aspen Grove and on up to the top of Timp. I had also made the hike with Mary and her father once before. Cousin Dixie went with me on the later hike. We had fun sliding down the huge glacier. I remember how awed I was by the mountain, its height, the stillness and beauty I saw. There was also a spectacular view of the valley from the top and a view of Deer Creek Dam and Heber Valley. Mr. Offret had a sign at Wildwood that said "Stop here, the next sight is a dam site up the road."

Every summer Dad would take a hike with us up past Stewart's Falls and over the hills to Aspen Grove and back down to Stewart's Flat and home. Stewarts' built a ski tow and small ski hut called Timp Haven. In the winter with my friend, Doremis Sumter, we would catch the recreation bus and spend the day skiing at Timp Haven. I remember that once I had old wooden skis and I broke one and another boy had broken one of his so he gave me his good ski.

They were not the same size, but I skied on them for many years anyway. Robert Redford eventually bought Stewart out and built Sundance. (But I'm getting ahead of my story.

One time I invited a group of my Provo High School girl friends up for a sleeping party. During the night some of the Provo High boys sneaked up and let the air out of the car tires. They were staying down at South Fork and they told us later that they got a real scare as they were walking back. They bumped into a cow and thought it was a bear. We thought it served them right.

Mother and Dad had many parties at the cabin. I always helped serve and clean up and then Lynn Anne and I would sit on the stairs of the loft and listen to the chatter and laughter. Uncle Buck (Dad's cousin) has the loudest laugh of anyone I knew. Mother and Dad's friends were just like family to us. We called all of them Aunt and Uncle and kids were like cousins and always remained close. I have never met another group of people so close to each other.

I loved to lie in bed at night and listen to the creek. Sometimes it was so cold at night that I awoke chilled all over.

There was a meadow in front of the cabin. Mother used to gather goldenrod to adorn the cabin with until many became allergic to it. Wild fern grew copiously and we used to make grass skirts out of it and line our tree house with it. Beautiful wild flowers grew everywhere – wild columbine along the stream, Monkshood that smelled like skunks, brilliant fireweed, night blooming primrose and wild roses, coneheads that we used to call nigger toes. Choke cherries, elder berries, wild raspberries, snapdragons and more, and of course, the ever present stinging nettle. The animals were wonderful, squirrels, chipmunks raccoons, many mule deer, and later, a family of moose.

For awhile we had skunks that got into our cabin. Mother woke one night and heard a sound under the bed and she and Dad both looked and saw a little skunk. They both started to laugh. Another time Mother had some Relief Society sisters up for a quilting bee and a skunk ran right under the quilt which added much excitement to the party. Dad finally got Verl Allman to come up and set traps. They were boxes with bait that would close when the skunk got in. The skunk luckily never sprayed. They took the boxes and held them in the creek until the skunk drowned.

Uncle Harold and Aunt Violet had a cabin down the meadow and they came from New York each summer. Harold was a real joker and we loved him, as he was so much fun. Violet was very spoiled, never having had children and she thought she was the queen of the hill. Mother spent lots of time putting on parties for her. Dad always got the cabin ready for them. Uncle Harold had names for all of my children – Messy Michele, Dirty Dirk, Grimy Greg, and Icky Nicky. Aunt Violet often fell asleep in front of the fire. Uncle Harold would call "Miss Johnson, Miss Johnson" and she would reply that she heard every word.

Mother made her favorite treats for us – honey candy, taffy, divinity, homemade root beer, brownies, graham crackers with frosting in the middle (early day S'mores), homemade pineapple and strawberry ice cream and her famous baked beans and potato salad. I loved her fried chicken also, which along with Sunday roast was often a Sunday treat. She made yummy

rolls and later, after Dirk came along, she made bread sticks, which became known as Dirk Bread, because he loved it so much.

After we got married, Monte and I spent most summers in the cabin with Mother and Dad. Monte loves the canyon as much as I do. As our children came along they learned to love it also.

The Fourth of July was so special; Mother always had fifty or more relatives and friends up for dinner after the parade in Provo. Dad died a day or so before the Forth in 1967 from a massive heart attack. He had been putting Violet's curtains up to prepare for their annual visit and a bee stung him. It bothered him and he woke up in the night with chest pains. Mother took him to Provo and to the hospital and he had another attack the next day and passed away. It was a real shock to everyone. Mother insisted on celebrating the Forth in the usual way even so. She said Dad would have wanted her to. It is a tradition with our family even after Mother died.

We children continue to have the party at the cabin. We follow tradition and have a prayer and pledge the flag, which flies in front of the cabin.

COURTSHIP OF LYNN AND CELESTIA

There is Lynn – All is as it should be



Celestia:

"I first became aware of Lynn's existence when I was in the eighth grade at the BYU Training School. Our class in General Science was permitted to use the science laboratory in the education building, and every day I would see a "cute" red-headed boy in the halls or in the typewriting class room which was just across from the lab. My girl friends and I thought he was "something" but he never gave any of us passing glance. We used every excuse to watch for him, coming and going, whenever he went over to the boys' gym which was the upper floor of the training school building. Miss McLean, 6th grade teacher mistook him one day for a grade school student running up the stairway and she chastised him severely until he explained that he was a high school student.

We had a cabin in Wildwood and I became aware that Lynn's family also lived up there in the summer. I got acquainted in a neighborly sort of way with "Aunt Rye" and with Ruth and little Ken but I seldom got a glimpse of Lynn in all the times we were there.

When I got into high school I was caught up in a whirl of activities. Even through all this I was aware of that red-headed fellow on campus that I liked very much and whenever I saw him I had a special feeling about him. He was known all over the campus as "Sunbeam," and everybody liked him. He was in a group of Violet's friends and on one or two occasions they got together at our place, but I remained completely in the background, though very much aware of his presence. He even had a few dates with Violet herself and he began to know me as her sister and always spoke to me after that whenever he met me. He even asked me to dance with him at one dance in the Ladies Gym and this was indeed an occasion for me.

When the Student Army Training Corps (S.A.T.C.) was organized on campus relative to World War I, they were stationed on the upper campus in the Maeser Memorial Building. During this period I was even more than ever interested in that Lynn Taylor and we - my friends and I - never missed a parade in Provo, Springville, Spanish Fork or wherever when we heard that the S.A.T.C. was to march. somehow, we managed to put ourselves in the vicinity where we could speak or wave to our soldiers and I sometimes received a personal nod or wave from Lynn himself. Then his unit was sent to the Presidio in San Francisco and on his return from there he was called on his mission so for three years or more he went out of my life.

When Lynn returned from his mission I was a freshman in college and as such was more involved than ever. I saw Lynn on campus so I knew that he was back, but I no longer was emotionally or romantically interested in him. One day as I was just coming from College Hall where I had given a special musical reading in a student body assembly I met him at the foot of the stairs. He stopped me and complimented me on my performance and then, to my complete surprise, asked me for a date. From then on, whenever he could sandwich in a date with me between all my other activities, he did so; but I never gave him any advantage over anyone else nor did I desire to do so.

For the next two years Lynn was one of those who persisted in asking me out, and the more I went with him the better I liked him, but I was still not ready to make any final commitments; in fact, he didn't ask me for any. Then in the spring of 1923, he graduated and went to work full-time at Dixon Taylor Russell Company. After working there for sometime he decided to go away for some experience in the business world in his field of interior decoration so he went to California where he accepted a job with Barker Brothers, one of the largest and most prestigious home furniture stores in the country. He remained there for almost a year and then he returned to resume his work at DTR's.

His letters to me while he was away during this time were what actually made me realize that I could not let him remain permanently out of my life, and it was not long after he returned that we became engaged.

As in all the major decisions in my life, regardless of how they might affect him personally, Lynn agreed with me that I should have the experience of teaching before settling down to married life. I accepted a contract to teach at Grantsville High School the following year. That summer I went with Violet to Berkeley, California, to summer school so Lynn and I were separated for another period of time. I taught through the year with Lynn making frequent and regular trips to Grantsville to see me or to bring me home to spend the weekend with my folks. (Lynn's sister, Ruth, recalls that Their mother used to worry about Lynn driving in the evenings to Grantsville. He tended to fall asleep easily, but nothing would keep him from going to see Cess). He was wonderful to me, helping me in every possible way. His patience with me through all that time of waiting seems to me now as I think back on it, far more than I should have expected from him. I spent the next summer in New York at Columbia University and then taught again the following year. We were married August 17, 1927.

One wonderful thing about our relationship was that we liked each other in addition to our loving each other. We enjoyed doing the same things, going the same places, and especially being together in all our activities whether at home or elsewhere. I was always proud

of being Lynn's wife and just seeing him gave a lift to my spirit. Whenever I walked into DTR's and met him coming toward me or in his office, I always thought "Oh, there is Lynn," and all was as it should be.

Lynn and Celestia were married in the Salt Lake City Temple on August 17, 1927. They had a double wedding with Harold Whaley Brown and Violet Johnson. Celestia wore a "flapper" style dress which fell just below the knee. It was adorned with pearls entirely over the dress. Unfortunately here do not seem to be any photographs of their wedding.

Lynn's sister, Ruth Taylor Kartchner, recalls that she was a child and was not allowed to go to the reception. She really resented that.¹

George T. Taylor:

Dad and Mom were always together. Their relationship was more important than any other, including that of their children. Even in Dad's later years, I could find them holding hands or sitting together. Lynn Ann remembers seeing them on Sunday afternoon, on the narrow couch, lying clasped together and having a good nap. Uncle Fred, a very experienced obstetrician and marriage counselor said on more than one occasion that he had never seen two people so ideally suited to each other and who loved each other so much. (insert from Janice - When their oldest grandchild was born, Uncle Fred called Mother and told her to come to the hospital. She said let me get Lynn first.) Their marriage and family was a marvel to many of their friends who were very observant. This did not mean that they did not have disagreements. On the contrary, some of us can remember some very heated arguments around the table. Mother, with a strong will and with great faith would question and counsel Dad about an issue. Dad with an indomitable disposition, once he had made up his mind, would be completely undeviating. Mother of course, always gave way eventually in the conversation. I remember her saying that Dad was always right in his decisions. Of course, later Mother would come back again with a new argument and with a new outlook. They made a wonderful marriage. Mother always saved the biggest piece of cake, the best selection of pie, --always the best for Dad. Each came first in the other's eyes. Dad included Mother in everything. He supported her in her music and dramatic arts activities. He encouraged her in her educational pursuits. He valued her involvement in her Church activities. And she did the same for him.

LaDell Peterson:

There was great devotion between Lynn and Cess. Lynn was out in the yard and said, "Aunt Cess will scold me for this" --twinkle, smile, warm devotion. He loved being scolded by her.²

¹ *Through a Lifetime*, Pages 111-115

² *Lynn Dixon Taylor Funeral Services*

RELATIONSHIPS

Celestia and Lynn were soul-mates. Lynn called Celestia his "Celestial Angel". Lynn's nick name was "Sunbeam" as he had a beautiful head of bright red hair. Celestia had black hair and big, brown, sparkling eyes.

Whenever one of them was invited somewhere they would first ask if the other could go also. Janice remembers when her first child was born, the doctor called my mother and told her to come to the hospital to see her first grandchild. "I will if Lynn can go." Was her response.

Celestia was very social. She belonged to many organizations and clubs, One was the "Silver Slipper Dance Group." Lynn disliked dancing, but always went with her. Lynn was quiet and reserved, but was really a man for all seasons. He and his brothers owned a furniture store. Celestia often bought drapery material from the store for making clothes for the children. Lynn loved sports and had seasons tickets for the games. Celestia always went with him.

Because of his interior design specialty he decorated their home beautifully, always with Celestia in mind.

It was very difficult for Celestia when Lynn died at age 69. She was 64 and lived without him for 30 years as she died at 93. She continued going to all the games after Lynn died and kept up the seasons tickets. Lynn had a heart attack and before he died he said to Celestia, "I would love to live every day of my life over". Celestia asked, "Every day?" "Every day," Lynn replied.

LYNN DIXON TAYLOR

A man goodly simple and simply good!

Lynn Dixon Taylor had an unusual, almost unique philosophy about life.

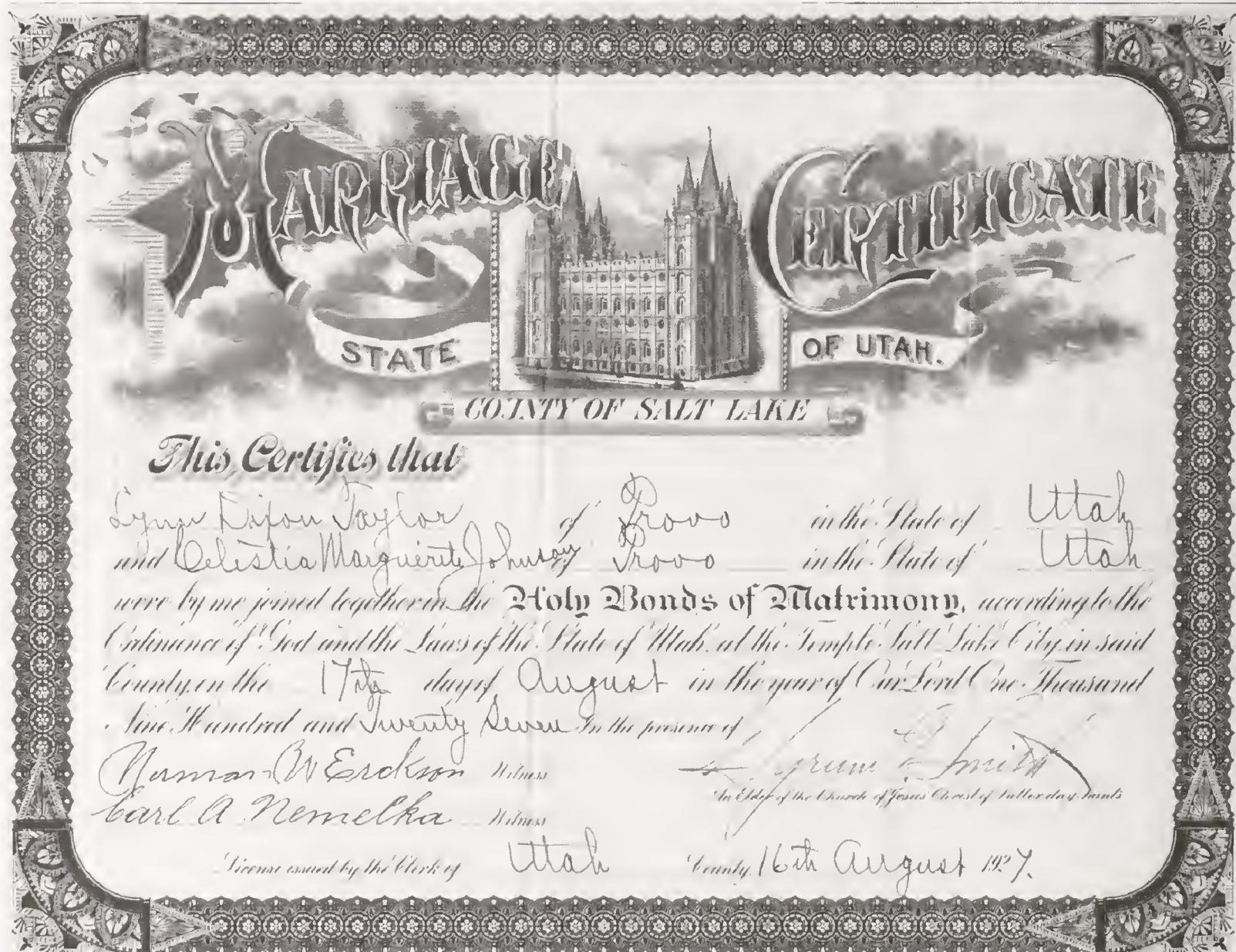
Most everyone reflecting on life, can readily identify days laden with pain, sorrow, or embarrassment-- days which they would not like to experience again!

But Lynn said time and again,
That he would not alter a single day of his life.

When challenged, he would repeat:

"I'd like to relive every one, without exception."

-John A. Taylor-



FRIENDS AND SOCIAL LIFE

Janice Taylor DeGraw - 2009

Lynn and Celestia had numerous friends. They belonged to several organizations. Lynn was a good friend to everyone he met.

They belonged to a dance group - The Silver Slipper. Lynn didn't especially like to dance, but to humor Celestia, he was a good sport. He probably sat a lot of dances out. I'm sure Celestia didn't. They also belonged to a Sunday Night group and studied various Church topics with knowledgeable friends. Celestia belonged to a group of women called Literary League. They were an intellectual group and studied authors and other topics. They had periodic parties also which included husbands.

Lynn was active in civic groups. He also hosted parties for the Art Department at BYU. Ernest Wilkinson said he was a catalyst for the faculty. Lynn and Celestia were outstanding hosts. In a letter Celestia wrote Janice on January 5, 1953, soon after Janice's wedding, she wrote:

"As I look back over the wedding, Christmas and everything connected with your marriage, I can't think of anything I would have changed. I enjoyed every minute from the time you came home from Grand until you and Monte left. It all seems like a very pleasant dream to me also.

We have been very busy since you left going to holiday parties, one almost every night during the holidays -- getting ready for our annual New Year's day celebration. Everyone said it was better than ever this year--twenty-eight for breakfast and the same number for supper at night."

Janice remembers how she and Lynn Anne would act as waitresses for the parties and clean up after. Celestia made special little pastries to hold chicken - ala- king, She had ham and other good food for her breakfasts. The men would watch the ball games and the women would play cards.

Lynn and Celestia also hosted a family Fourth of July party. She often had more than fifty people. Everyone gathered there after the parade in Provo. There would be ham, baked beans, potato salad, rolls, homemade root beer, homemade pineapple ice cream and many other goodies.

Janice remembers a story that happened at Bridal Veil Falls. There used to be a tram to a restaurant at the top of one of the peaks. One of their social groups met there for a dinner. They had pie and a tube of whipped cream was passed around to top the pie. When it reached Lynn, He squeezed it and it went right into the face of the woman across the table from him. He was so embarrassed. He told Celestia she had better not ever buy one of those.

Many parties were held at the cabin. Janice remembers sitting on the stair and listening to the laughter and fun. Uncle Buck Dixon had the loudest laugh. Celestia and Lynn's friends were so close that all their children referred to them as "Aunt and Uncle"

Lynn and Celestia were sports lovers and had seasons tickets for all the football and basketball games at BYU. They had the best seats in the stadium also. Life was always full for that couple and for their friends.¹

Of course, we kept in close touch with our very dear friends whom we had grown up with and gone to school with, and very soon after we moved to the hill we established the custom of inviting our close group of friends to spend New Year's Day with us. We invited them to breakfast, spent the day playing games, eating, resting, sometimes going down to Utah Lake or Provo Canyon ice skating, or sledding and skiing in the foothills around us. Then we had a big buffet supper in the evening. Everyone had planned so that they would stay all day, and seldom did anyone leave before the day was over.

We began with eight couples – Henry and Alta, Buck and Helen Dixon, Fred and Maude Markham, Wesley and Lily Lloyd, Buddy and Gertrude Keeler, Rulon (Abe) and Erma Dixon, Vern and Alphelia Tolboe and Lynn and I. Several of this original group dropped out...We continued to have the party however and we began to include other friends until finally we had a group of 18 couples – 36 people. We still had them come for breakfast – usually the same menu of ham, bacon, and eggs, chicken a la king in pie shells, orange juice, hot cocoa, hot sweet rolls, jam, jelly and whipped honey. All day long we ate candy, popcorn balls, nuts, apples, etc., and then we had a big buffet supper at night with baked beans, jello salads, potato salad, baked ham, fruit and nut bread and ice cream and cake.

I gave these menus to show how much work went into these parties and how much fun everyone had. We maintained this custom right up until the New Year's Day before Lynn died. As we were getting ready for that party and Lynn could see how very much work I had and how tired we both were and also how expensive it really was, he said "Cess, I think we had better not have any more of these New Year's parties. This will be the last one." I agreed with him and we went on with the party. When it was over and Lynn and I were sitting, we always did after it was over and everyone had gone, by the fireplace talking it over, he said, "This was the best party we have ever had – the best one ever! We simply have to go on having our New Year's Party." This party, however, proved to be the last one for after he had gone, there was no reason for going on with it, this had always been Lynn's party. I always did it for him.²

¹ Janice Taylor DeGraw 2009

² *Through a Lifetime*, Page 95

HOMES

Childhood home - 256 North 5 West, Provo, Utah

The home Lynn grew up in was a twin home to one that His Grandmother, Sarah DeGrey Dixon had built on the north adjoining his family's home. Lynn's oldest brother Arthur lived there. On the back end of the home property was a large, two-story red brick barn and stable. On the lower level or ground floor were stalls for the horses and cows. The upper story was for hay storage. In the spring when the hay would be pretty well used up, Lynn and his brothers had excellent space in which to play basketball. During a heated game, one of the boys stepped through an opening into the manger below and discovered himself astride a cow's neck on the lower level.¹

Henry D. Taylor:

One of the "fads" in earlier days was to have outdoor sleeping areas. In the rear of the home, Lynn's father had a sleeping porch built. It was a building approximately 12" x 12", with a wood floor, boarded up about 5 feet, with screen another 4 feet, and shingled roof. This would hold several beds. The children slept in this facility the year round. In the winter after a snow storm, in the morning there would be a foot of snow that had drifted through the screens during the night onto the beds.

The Dixon and Taylor families were an important part of the Provo Third Ward. They lived in an area within five blocks of their home --16 families of them. Fifth West was called "Sandy Alley" because there were so many people residing there who had red hair. Uncle John Dixon's family had Aldous, Rulon, and Maud. In Uncle Roy Dixon's family, there were Paul and Maurine. Uncle Tom Taylor had red hair as well as his children, Sterling, Ethel, Alden, Marion, and Victor. Lynn's Father was red-haired, as were his sons, Arthur D., Lynn D., Elton L., Clarence D., and O. Kenneth. Henry was the black sheep.

Celestia J. Taylor:

Lynn prepared a home for us when we were married. It was one owned by Uncle John T. Taylor and Aunt Edna Taylor located on First North and between Second and Third East. We rented it from them for \$25 a month. (A reasonable rent at that time during the depression) and lived there for five wonderful years. It was "just around the corner" from D.T.R's and very conveniently located not too far from either Lynn's family or mine. Lynn had spent months, while I was away in Grantsville teaching school decorating this house so that it would be ready for us as soon as we were married. He made out of this rather non-descript place a veritable "dream house" which everyone oh'd and ah'd over when they visited us. Every room in the house was painted, papered, and furnished in the best of good taste - for as everyone knows Lynn was an artist in home decorating as in other things. Every room was carpeted and draped and furnished beautifully. I wish I had pictures of the inside of that house so that my children could appreciate the great pains Lynn took to make a perfect place for us to live. I remember

every detail and even now visualize exactly how it was. The living room (15 x 18') was done in gold and green and rust, colors which Lynn loved and which he seemed most at home with. A big bow window on the south front was curtained and draped in a beautiful arrangement more elaborate than any window we ever had again with valance and full drapes which covered the entire window, and sheer under curtains which offered privacy but were transparent enough to see what was going on outside.

He carpeted the floor with a choice New England hooked rug in those same colors in very soft, muted shades. We loved that carpet and used it later in our living room on the hill for several years, and then used it in the canyon, discarding it only after Lynn's death when the canyon home was remodeled and carpeted as it is today. Lynn picked up some interesting pieces of used furniture from D.T.R's. You can be sure that books and good pictures were necessary additions to every room in the house. Neither Lynn nor I could exist without books. We both had a lifetime addiction to books.

The one and only bedroom was a large one which accommodated a complete dressing table and matching bench, and a large chiffonier. This room was done in gold, green and lavender and the one large window was "festooned" in silk embroidered damask combining all three colors and extending from floor to ceiling over sheer window curtains. Lynn really made this bedroom more "regal" than any room he ever decorated for us again. He even gave me a dresser set -mirror, comb and brush, jewelry case, covered vanity boxes and tray, in the same colors, lavender and gold. It doesn't sound like Lynn, does it, but that's the way it was and we loved it and enjoyed it as long as we lived there. We kept the furniture and used it in our house on the hill but never in quite so "elegant" a setting.

The dining room too was the most formal dining room that we had in all our married life. It was done in Spanish decor with dining table and six matching chairs, large buffet and china closet. Lynn also found an old Spanish settee which he covered with the same material as the drapes, a Spanish floral print and the room was indeed handsome .It was for this room that Lynn gave me the complete set of "Bird of Paradise" china (twelve of everything) which we used and treasured through all the years. The kitchen was in blue and white with accents of red, and the bathroom was completely white with the only colors being those in the linoleum floor and in the accessories.

I repeat that Lynn was responsible for every inch inside that home, and he spent hours and hours making it as much of a dream house for us as he possibly could. He never could have done it if I hadn't been away teaching school, for I'm sure I would have taken too much of his time otherwise. Also he completed it the summer before we were married while I was in New York so I actually didn't see it in its complete state until we moved in after our return from our honeymoon in the Northwest. I hope that I showed the proper appreciation for all his efforts. I'm afraid I did not appreciate him enough. How could I - or anyone?²

¹ Henry D. Taylor, Pages 30-31

² Through a Lifetime, Pages 35-39

HOUSE ON THE HILL

Celestia J. Taylor

We began with the large living room, a good-sized master bedroom, a kitchen, bathroom, and large screened porch on the west over the garage. All the children - three at the time - slept and played out in that screened porch, winter and summer. They all complained of the cold but Lynn seemed to think that was the best way to grow up, since during his own childhood - to hear him tell it - he got up on winter morning with icicles on the end of his nose from sleeping on the porch of their house on Fifth West.

I sympathized with the kids and prevailed on Lynn to close in the sleeping porch with glass windows all around. We lived in it this way for a while. Then we partitioned it down the middle and made two bedrooms out of it - one for John and one for Janice and Lynn Anne. I was taking Lynn's interior decorating class at the "Y" and as a project I decorated these two rooms - blue and white with ruffled curtains for the girls, and brown and orange for John's room with built-in double-decker" beds which John insisted upon. This proved to be a satisfactory arrangement until Kathryn and Terry came.

Having the garage below the ground level had always caused us a lot of trouble getting in and out during the winter; in fact, much of the time we couldn't even use the garage and had to park the car on the road. We solved the problem by filling up part of the driveway and planting lawn, using the other part for a patio with rock walls and floor. Lynn brought all the rocks from Rock Canyon by himself and did all the rock work alone. We made the garage into a room with a big window looking out on the patio on the west and an attractive rock fireplace on the south wall. We tiled linoleum on the floor, built in bookcases to completely cover the walls on both sides of the fireplace and also built in bookshelves and drawers on the entire east wall. It became a favorite room in the house, especially for John and later for Terry.

In the meantime, we had no place to house our car so we extended the roof on the north of the house and made a carport which we used for several years until we could build a garage. We needed more bedroom space so we made our master bedroom into two bedrooms - one several feet larger than the other which Lynn and I used, and the other which Janice took over. Lynn and I often remarked that surely never any other house had gone through such a series of changes as this one had. It literally grew up with the family.

We had plans, which Lynn had dreamed up, worked on, and planned through all these years for a new home to be built on some other hill property which we owned, but after Henry built his new home and we found how costly building had become we decided that we wouldn't mortgage our entire future by building a new house. This was not the only reason that we decided not to build; the children were all unanimous in wanting to remain where we were, so we decided to stay there and do some remodeling to bring the house into more nearly what we needed to fit our needs and desires.

Lynn drew up plans for extensive remodeling and we succeeded in getting La Dell Peterson, our neighbor and the best builder anywhere around, to do the building for us.

We added an entrance hall with outside entrance on the south end of the living room; opened up the entire west front of the living room with full length windows; enlarged the window on the north, paneled the entry hall and the entire east wall of the living room with beautiful walnut paneling, lengthened the kitchen by six feet and completely replaced all cabinets and appliances; took out the partition which divided the bedroom and made it into an all-purpose dining room and family room, building in shelving, bookcases, television space, desk and closets paneled in maple. Lynn purchased an entire maple dining room set - table and chairs, hutch, buffet - also a Simmons hide-a-bed upholstered in orange naugahyde and a large lounging chair in green naugahyde.

We took out the partitions in the original sleeping porch area and made one larger bedroom for Lynn and me with adjoining dressing room with all bathroom fixtures and appliances including a large mirrored wall. We made the carport into another bedroom and built a new garage north of that, completing the house.

It was in this house on the hill that the family lived and grew up. "Pussy Willow Bend" it was sometimes affectionately called because the pussy willows that were planted over the old septic tank and which for years dominated the growth on the front of the hill. With the remodeling of the house and the acquisition of a modern sewage system the old septic tank was removed and the source of water for the pussy willows went with it causing the willows to die out. Through the year as the children, both Henry and Alta's and our, roamed the hills in complete freedom of possession and loved "Taylor Hill" for all the wealth of living outdoors and in that it afforded them.

It was a common occurrence to scare up a bevy of quail or pheasants out of the oak and squawberry bushes which grew all over the hill and often we could not count the number of pheasants and/or quail which frequented the slopes to the south of us where Allen's house stood. The sight of these wild birds from our kitchen window gave me a thrill of delight whenever I saw them, which was frequently.

The children often walked to and from the Page School on Canyon Road for a while and then to the BYU Training School. Through the winter months they rode down with Lynn and Henry and were picked up after school either at Grandma Johnson's or Aunt Wyla's or somewhere along the way. Sometimes they walked down to D.T.R.'s after school and waited for a ride home with their dads. Sometimes Alta or I or both would pick them up on our return from town, but as the children grew older the habit of walking was abandoned and car commuting became the way of life for all of us.

For many years it was necessary to carry our drinking water from town and in other ways the living on the hill was far from easy, but I'm sure that there isn't one of us, in either of the two families who would exchange the life there for any that we might have lived elsewhere. I have heard our children say at different times, "What can we give our own children that can equal what we had on the hill and in the canyon?"¹

¹ *Through a Lifetime*, Pages 37-41

OUR HOME ON THE HILL

By Lynn Dixon Taylor

Many times during the past 30 years I have been asked the question: "Why did you pick that particular spot on which to build your home?"

For many years this question was tinged with incredulity, but now I detect a hint of envious curiosity. Never in all these years has there been any change in the answer, "Because we love it here."

As I look in retrospect, I am aware of tremendous physical changes in the area in which we chose to live.

As a boy, I recall hiking up Rock Canyon, a long ways from "Sandy Alley," home of the Dixons and Taylors. I remember trudging over "Temple Hill" to a winding wagon road, little more than a trail which is now known as "Martin Lane".

This, at that time was the only passable road for a vehicle, to Rock Canyon. At the foot of the hill near the culvert currently leading up Oak Lane, there was a slaughter house. Remains of the old rock and concrete walls and floors are still visible. A pipeline up the hill ended in an open concrete reservoir which was about 10'x10' in size.

I recall stopping at the slaughter house and watching with curious nausea, the killing of a cow and several pigs. At this time the slaughter house was owned and operated by the later defunct Provo Meat and Packing Co., whose market was located just South of the State Bank on University Avenue.

Perhaps the most vivid of my trips to Rock Canyon (one which stamped itself indelibly on my mind, and one which was pleasurable recalled many times), was one of those incomparable sunny days in June when we climbed the foothills to the old Muhlestein House on the upper bench, stopping for a drink of cold canyon water and a rest.

At this time a clay pipeline extended from the springs in Rock Canyon, along the hill side, and stopped at the Muhlestein Home. Parts of this old waterline are still in evidence.

To the West the entire valley with its green farms, clusters of houses and trees, framing the sparkling expanse of Utah Lake, was breathtaking. To the South, Mount Nebo; to the North, majestic Timpanogos; and practically overhead, the towering crags of Squaw Peak, seemed to create a picture I had never before seen.

Here was an old fashioned garden in full bloom. The lazy droning of bees in the flowers and the pungent perfume from scores of native lilacs, with the comfortable warmth of June sunshine, brought to my mind a glimpse of Paradise that I have never forgotten.

During the early period of Provo's history, the Fort was located in what became known as the "Fort Fields". Here was level rich black loam with no rocks, plenty of water, and close proximity to the Fort for protection from the roving bands of Indians.

Two families from Switzerland, the Muhlesteins and the Liechty's had other ideas. These families were industrious, religious, and very ingenious.

Instead of acquiring fertile acres in the Fort Fields area, they looked to the mountains on the East. They settled on one of the benches left by prehistoric Lake Bonneville. Here was a lack of fertility in the soil. Rocks, clay and quicksand was the soil with hard-pan close to the surface in many places. No available water was apparent.

Settling on this terrain called for hard work and determination to scratch out a living. As a result, these families became practically self-supporting. They even built an almost impossible road up Rock Canyon to Dutchman's Flat (now the Camp Ground), where certain crops were planted and produced.

I recall seeing parts of an old abandoned hay rake in this area.

An Uncle of mine told me he remembered, as a boy, seeing Nicholas Muhlestein who wore a gold earring in one ear, driving a yoke of oxen, on a Provo Street, drawing a bob-sled loaded with Maple and Oak logs, to make delivery of someone's firewood. A few of the big Oak trees are still growing on the hill, and are responsible for the name of "Oak Hills".

These self-supporting people made their own shoes from self-produced leather. They sheared, carded and spun their wool to make their own clothes. Straw was woven to make hats. I remember Ephraim Liechty showing me an old granary where spinning wheels, a straw hat weaver, shoe-maker's lasts and a great deal of other equipment was stored.

Too much praise cannot be given these families for their frugality, resourcefulness, honesty, and integrity.

In 1932, my brother Henry D. and I drove up toward Rock Canyon and after parking at the foot of the bench, climbed up the hill and sat down to rest, about where my house now is. It was another Spring day and the hillside was covered with Sego Lilies, and sort of a blue pea-type wild flower.

Gazing at the lake and the valley we began to talk about a problem which concerned us both. We had married recently and were living in rented homes. To live and raise families in home of our own was a situation we both were anxious to achieve. However we were facing the fact that the worst part of the depression made it the poorest time possible to think of building.

As we reclined on the sunny hillside, I made the remark: "How would you like to live up here?" It sounded like wishful thinking.

Henry, however, seemed to think it was not a silly question, and we began to discuss the possibility of getting a couple of lots and some day in the far distant future build on them. At this time, the only houses were Muhlestein's, Liechty's, the old Bean home and a few more nearer the heart of the present Upper Campus BYU structures.

We had noticed a man over near the North edge of the bench, planting some peach trees. We decided to ask him about the ground, and introduced ourselves. After awhile we

asked if he would consider selling us a couple of lots, on which we could build. He thought we were crazy and it took him quite awhile to get the idea.

He said he did not wish to sell any of his ground as he needed all he had for farming. We pointed to the rocky ridge running from where we had been sitting, North to the edge of the bench overlooking the Rock Canyon wash, which was not under cultivation. He said it was too high and rocky to farm and there was a huge pile of rocks at the South end where they had been dumping those gathered up from the fields for many years.

However, if we were crazy enough to want to buy it he would let us have it. We made a deal with Ephraim Leichty on the spot, for approximately three acres along the edge of the hill. (Note from John A. Taylor - Henry D. Taylor recalls that each of these acre lots was priced at \$225 each, and were paid off at the rate of \$5.00 per month.)

It was heartening when we brought Celestia and Alta up to see the view and the lots, to find they both were thrilled with the outlook. We made a number of visits up in the evening to look at the glorious sunsets and each visit increased our desires to move up there.

It became a habit to drive up on the hill each evening and enjoy these beautiful sights. On one occasion Ephraim Leichty, who frequently came out to chat with us, looked at the magnificent scene and remarked: "I've lived up here all my life and never noticed these sunsets before. They are kind of pretty, aren't they?"

We faced a problem that many times seemed insurmountable. It was the worst part of the depression, we had no cash and it was impossible to get a loan on houses located in such an unheard of place.

Henry had worked in the Dixon Real Estate Co. and was acquainted with certain people who put money out to loan.

I remember visiting some of them with poor success. One man said, "I've already got all the houses I want!" (assuming that if he made a loan on our homes he would soon have to foreclose on them).

Another man said he had every confidence in us and that if we would pick lots in Provo he would gladly let us have the necessary money.

It was a very discouraging period but failed to dampen our enthusiasm for the idea of getting up on the hill.

Father, who was always starting projects, had purchased the area at the mouth of the Provo River on the North side, and with some others, dyked certain areas to protect the ground from the flood waters of Provo River during the Spring run-off. The soil is very fertile and the proposition looked excellent until one Spring the dyke was breached and a small fortune went with it.

The next project was the Provonna Resort Co. A number of bath houses, a store and a dance pavilion were built. A great deal of experience, but little profit was the result.

Desperately struggling with our problem of building on the hill, we suddenly came up with the idea of using lumber from the now deserted Provonna Beach structures as part of the building materials we needed.

The dance pavilion had a beautiful maple floor. The bath houses were covered with lumber which would make exterior sheathing, together with dimension timbers.

After several years of part time employment in the architectural office of Joseph Nelson, I was able to draw up plans for our two houses, so that we knew exactly what materials we needed for construction.

Father, meanwhile, had become interested in starting the Dixon Taylor Russell Co.. and we had become financially interested in the business. During the depression the business had its troubles as did most others. Being an installment business, a large amount of its assets were tied-up in customer accounts. People with good credit were out of work and could not make their monthly payments.

The Company set up for each of the owners and employees what became known as "Produce Accounts". A certain percentage of one's wages went each month into this account. It was a period of trade and barter. Farmers traded hay, butter, milk, eggs, etc. to employees, and accounts were debited and credited accordingly.

We began to see a glimmer of hope for our house projects. Why not find men whose various services we needed, and give them credit on their accounts for these services?

We lined up a good carpenter, and helpers, men and teams for excavating the road building, sand and gravel suppliers, laborers, roofers, electricians, and many other craftsmen. With such assistance, for example, the beautiful maple floor of the Provanna dance pavilion, including the floor joists underneath, were sawed into sections which would rest on our basement walls in the exact size needed. These sections were loaded and moved by a house mover who had an overdue account.

We will not forget how Parley Larsen went to bat for us on a finance plan enabling us to pay for the plumbing and heating. We were turned down on our application to use the manufacturer's finance plan, but "P.L." swore we were good risks and refused to take "no" for an answer. I know the manager in Salt Lake City thought they were making the wildest kind of a gamble, but Parley vouched for us all the way.

Before we could think of starting construction, there were certain basic things that had to be accomplished. The first was roads. Our lots stood in a field with no access. Our best approach appeared to be the idea of starting near the slaughter house site, cross the creek and make a dugway following the present Oak Lane, then to circle my lot and run North to Henry's.

We were able to get some pieces of used bridge conduit to put in the creek, then fill over the top with dirt from further up the road until we had a passable roadway. We had made a deal with the Giles Family for merchandise at the store, to pay for covering the entire road with gravel.

The whole cost of this road expense was borne by us. In the winter we had no help from the county but had to park at the bottom of the hill or churn up the hill through the snow with the aid of tire chains. Frequently Ephraim Liechty would appear with his horse-drawn snow-plow to help clear our road as well as his own.

The greatest problem of all was the water situation. This problem held back the development of the area for many years.

The pipeline serving the Liechty and Muhlestein homes had been allowed to disintegrate after the Rock Canyon Water Co. had developed a source of water which pretty well dried up the old springs used by the Muhlestiens and others.

When we moved up on the hill, the families there were using water from the irrigation ditch, diverted from the concrete flume in Rock Canyon.

The water was run through a gravel bed for settling and then into a concrete reservoir, which had a hand-pump on the top.

After a great deal of thought we decided that pending the development of the old springs, drilling a well, or getting a connection with Provo City's system which was reservoired at the foot of the bench, we would use the same system as the Liechty's.

We bought several shares of water in the Rock Canyon Water Co.;, and received delivery of the stream approximately once a week.

Our water system involved building a concrete, watertight reservoir under the living room of Henry's house. A pipeline was run from there to my house. A pressure pump was connected to the system which proved to be annoying. It frequently leaked and it was noisy, going on at any time of the night or day. At intervals the reservoir had to be drained and scrubbed. Samples of the water were sent to the State Board of Health frequently, and when showing pollution, we brought our culinary water up from town each day.

An incident typical of our water dilemma occurred a few years later when Karl and Elma Young rented Henry's house for a year, while he, with his family, was in New York where he worked on his Master's Degree.

It was a bitterly cold winter with one of the heaviest snows in our experience. One January day we discovered the reservoir was empty. This calamity had to be resolved quickly because there were hot water jackets in each furnace and because of the bitterly cold weather it was necessary to keep the furnaces going continually.

Karl and I took our shovels, after dressing as warmly as we could, and struggled p to the "Devil's Kitchen" where the water could be diverted into our ditch.

We fixed the dam and coaxed the water by shoveling the snow and debris out of the ditch ahead of the water. Sever times it clogged and froze into ice and we had to check back on it frequently.

We struggled all day and finally by dusk had the water nearly to Henry's house. However the freezing snow and ice clogged the ditch and we were forced to give up.

after a restless sleep, worrying about the pipes freezing and bursting , morning came and we slogged up the ditch and started all over. Some moderation in the weather began and we finally were able to get a steady trickle of water into the reservoir.

We had missed two days from school but had added another experience we would not soon forget. Had Karl not sprung from "Pioneer Stock", and had he not the fortitude and determination to assist in overcoming our plight, it might have been a sad episode.

Incidentally, it brings to mind another occasion connected with our struggle to keep the reservoir full.

Upon returning home from a Bishop's meeting, late one evening, Celestia informed me that we had no water. According to the water turn schedule our turn began at 6:00 AM the following morning. However, it should have read 7:00 PM that evening.

As I thought the matter over I felt that due to the lateness of the hour and the fact that I would only need the water about 30 minutes, I decided to "borrow" someone else's water.

Not stopping for a lantern, I grabbed a shovel and climbed the trail to the point in Rock Canyon where a head gate combination diverted the water either west in our ditch or south to the Litchtys.

Feeling my way in the pitch black darkness, I found the headgates and discovered a big stream of water going south. After tugging with the gate which was tightly jammed, I finally got it out and turned the water down our ditch.

All of a sudden I was struck with a brilliant glare of light and an angry voice cried: "Stealing my water, are you?" I couldn't help thinking of how many quarrels and deaths had resulted from stealing water, and I was mighty scared.

Then the light was turned at an angle and I discovered my friend Heber Litchty, who did not know until then, who had been splashing around in the ditch, stealing his water.

Of course, when I explained my troubles to Heber he was sympathetic and helped me turn the water, and said to keep it as long as I needed it.

The problem of communications was slowly solved. No mail delivery was available and all mail was sent to the store. A satisfactory arrangement was made with the UPL to service us with electricity, but our problem of telephones was not so simple.

The ruling on telephones for a situation like our's, was that a minimum of three phones was necessary. We agreed to pay for three phones, but red tape said no. There must be three houses.

After much deliberation, we solved the problem by moving an old sleeping porch from Father's home, and placing it equidistant between our two houses. A phone was installed in it along with ours, and every time a phone on our nine-party system rang, you could hear it in the old sleeping porch.

The soil on our hill was such that after a rain you could "sink a blanket" on it. Romantically inclined couples began parking along our roadway, admiring the moonlight on the

lake, and in rainy weather becoming mired in the mud. After being awakened many nights with pleas to help extricate cars, we finally put a shovel where we could tell them to help themselves and dig their own way out.

One of our biggest problems was that of mud every time it rained. I spent many hours of backbreaking toil gathering and placing large boulders, with the flat side up, around the house, serving as walks and a flagged area. Lawns were planted and gravel was spread to help the situation.

A near tragedy occurred in connection with gathering the rocks. One July 24th morning at daybreak, John, my oldest son, who was about 10 years old, went with me to scout for additional rocks. I had just purchased a beautiful new Dodge Sedan of which we were very proud.

John and I rode up Rock Canyon to a site just below the weir. We were stopped by a deep wash about ten feet deep and 20 feet across. In order to turn around safely I got out of the car to check my position. I told John to stay in the car, but fortunately he climbed out, dogging my heels. As I looked up the canyon, John grabbed my leg and yelled. I turned just in time to see the rear of that beautiful new car, rise, rise, as the front plunged down to the bottom of the wash, then turn and come to rest on its side.

I can still feel that sick sensation in my stomach as I scrambled down and removed the key from the ignition.

We hurried home and got Henry up to see what our insurance status was. Fortunately we were covered by a reliable company and the car was repaired in first class condition.

The Rock Canyon water shed had been scalped year after year by so many herds of sheep that every Spring a roaring flood came down, sometimes going all the way to the highway. The ground from our bench to Indian Hills would frequently be a raging torrent, sometimes on the North side, sometimes over against our bench.

I recall standing there with Ephraim Liechty watching the flood roll boulders the size of pianos down its course.

Naturally, people living in the area were much concerned. One evening, when we returned home in a rainstorm we were surprised to find Darwish Kader, his wife and little girl, sitting in our kitchen. The Kader's were Syrians and it was hard to understand their speaking. Mrs. Kader was tattooed on the forehead and around her mouth and could speak no English. When we entered the house, Darwish said in his high-pitched voice: "Big storm, we come stay with you." Fortunately the storm was soon over and they were able to return to their home.

We became quite well acquainted with both Darwish and his Uncle "Mose". They frequently stopped us as we drove past and insisted on our accepting fruit, until it became rather embarrassing to us.

Returning home in somewhat of a hurry one day, I approached the large culvert where the road crosses a canal. The culvert is rather high and conceals the road for some distance ahead. Skimming over the culvert I saw a flock of chickens directly in my path. setting my

brakes I did my best to stop but ploughed thru the chickens. Stopping the car I jumped out and ran back to try and pay for the damage.

Suddenly Mrs. Kadar came running out of her house, brandishing a huge knife and screeching at the top of her voice. I thought, "Well, this is it." and I started to tell her I would pay the damage.

She kept coming and grabbed a big Plymouth Rock rooster, who was flopping around with a broken leg, and whacked off its head, grabbed a newspaper from under her arm, rolled the chicken in it and handed it to me, saying, "You take him home and eat him!"

One of our problems was transportation. Each family had a car but there was the problem of getting to work, getting the children to school, and having a car available for the girls' use for social affairs, etc. Each morning we loaded one car with children and dropped them at school on our way to work. There were no school busses and inasmuch as we lived in the County we were not allowed to send them to the city schools. The BYU Training School had a full complement of Taylor Kids.

In the evening on the way home our pick-ups started with the store (DTR), with stops at the library, Training School, and home of friends, not to mention stops for culinary water, gas, and our daily supply of milk or groceries. Today, there are four school buses that pass our house.

In the meantime the old Muhlestein house was abandoned and became a "haunted house" for our children, especially at Halloween time. All members of the Muhlestein Family had left for other areas, and the old homestead and its 160 acres of barren ground, with deep ravines, bare hillsides, and profusion of scrub oaks began to return to its original state.

Arrangements were made to pasture two of Father's saddle horses on the property and we all enjoyed riding them.

Meanwhile, other people began to drive up and enjoy the view. We watched them with trepidation because we had begun to dream about a subdivision at some future date which would cover this area with fine homes. We felt it had sound possibilities and the longer we considered it, the more sure we became..

However, there were two stumbling blocks in our way that seemed insurmountable. The old Muhlestein estate was now owned by thirteen heirs, and to set a price and to get a 100% agreement from so many individuals seemed an impossibility. The other obstacle was a familiar one to us--we had very little capital we could raise to make such a purchase.

The more we thought about it the more certain we were of its possibilities. We began to mention it to some of our family and friends. Little interest was shown by some, but certain ones, particularly J. Hamilton Calder, saw the possibilities and became unfailing participants.

Henry began to work with the Muhlestein Family and after untold hours, finally reached an agreement for the sale, satisfactory to each member of the family. Only because of their implicit confidence in Henry's integrity, was he able to handle this transaction. Without Henry's far-sightedness and loyal support, we would never have achieved success on the hill.

In order to raise the money, many people were visited and a lot of salesmanship occurred before a small group were included in the Bonneville Development Company which was the Corporation owning and responsible for its development.

Before any lots could be sold, many things had to be done. A complete survey of the property, including topographical data, location of lots and roads, and a sales program had to be made.

The biggest problem of all, however, was our old bugaboo--an adequate water supply. The deed to the property gave us the major interest in the old springs developed by a tunnel part way up Rock Canyon. This had now caved in, and the Rock Canyon Water Co. had done considerable development work in that area. Reclaiming this tunnel and springs appeared to be a wonderful idea. We could develop- our own water supply and be independent of Provo City.

After investigation we discovered that such construction would undoubtedly lessen the flow of the Rock Canyon Water Co., and inasmuch as they had been using this water longer than seven years, we would get into a costly legal battle with questionable success.

We examined sites where drilling had brought good flows of water, and engaged Dr. George Hansen to advise us. It is a known fact among geologists that the strata of rocks in Rock Canyon are slanted to drain the water below this, finally coming up near the surface down in the valley. There is a great deal of water behind this dyke, some of it spilling off to Bridal Veil Falls.

A location for drilling was selected in the mouth of Rock Canyon, and a contract was signed with a driller. This hole finally turned out to be a "duster", and another location was selected with a similar lack of success.

Fred L. Markham (always generous with his architectural services, and a pillar of support in the new corporation) designed a large reservoir, enclosed completely with a man-hole in the top, in the mouth of the canyon, near the weir where the concrete conduit spilled into the diversion box.

Later, taking turns at filling the reservoir and scrubbing its walls became something of a social occasion.

About this time, Clarence D. Taylor, Ham Calder, Wes Knudsen, and L. O. Turner had built their homes, and we began to feel like a community.

Our water system left much to be desired. We had always felt like we should be part of Provo City and that our water system should be connected with the city lines. A petition, meanwhile, to annex our area into Provo City had been granted and we were paying City Taxes which were considerably higher than those in the County.

We were constantly working with the Mayor and Commissioners to cooperate with us on a water system. We received all sorts of objections, especially a constant battle with the City Engineer. We were told to move down and fill up some of the vacant lots in Provo; that we were crazy to build on such a bare hilly country, and that the City could not afford to extend its utilities to such a small community. We argued that that it was so desirable a place to live, that

we would soon have plenty of homes to justify it, and that such a desirable taxing unit would be created, it would be a profitable source of income to the City.

In one meeting with the Commissioners, one of them said: "Why did you join the City--it's because you thought you would get City Water!" We agreed. He said that if we thought they were going to extend the lines to our property and make us rich we had another guess coming.

Time after time we would have the majority converted to our proposition, only to have them defeated at the polls and a new Commission be installed in office. In almost every case, they had the same opinion of our foolhardy venture. They constantly relied on the City Engineer (who unfortunately had a permanent position), and our answer would be the same.

Finally with the advent of a City Manager the idea did not seem so far-fetched, and orders were given to the Engineer's Office to outline some plans which would deliver water to the higher elevations.

The result was a concrete tank built up on the hillside with an 8" pipeline down to the main city reservoir, where a pump was installed. We were forced to advance the cost of these with a connection charge on each lot which would eventually come back to us in payment for the original amount we had advanced.

A considerable amount of money had to be raised, in addition to the water system expense. Sewer lines, roads, the cost of topographical maps and plat plans which had to be made and submitted to the Engineer's Office before approval to sell lots was obtained.

Deed restrictions covering the design, construction, and materials going into each home were strictly enforced, as well as landscaping restrictions.

Lots in many cases sold themselves, and lovely new homes began to arise. Additional acreage had to be subdivided.

By the Fall of 1965 when this was written, 83 individual homes had been built with several other lots sold and houses in the planning stages. Somewhat over half of the original acreage has now been sold as building lots, with plans to develop the balance on a par with those now finished.¹

¹ The foregoing article--written sometime between July and September, 1965--was found in the form of rough notes among my Father's papers, shortly after his death, July 2, 1967. John A. Taylor, July 25, 1967



East Side



East Front



East Front (Lynn Anne)



Northwest Corner



East Front



West Front after Remodeling

MISSIONARY

Lynn was called as a missionary to the Northwestern States

No. 10973

MINISTER'S CERTIFICATE

TO ALL TO WHOM THIS MAY BE PRESENTED:

This Certifies, that the bearer, Elder LYNN DIXON TAYLOR,
who is in full faith and fellowship with the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day
Saints, has been duly ordained a minister of said Church, with authority to
preach the Gospel and administer in all the ordinances thereof pertaining to his
office and calling. And we invite all men to give heed to his teachings as a servant
of God, and to assist him in his travels and labors in whatsoever things he may need.

(R. S. G.) Grant,
Stephen H. Ward
Charles W Penrose

First Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

Salt Lake City, Utah.

June 8th, 1920

The First Presidency
of the
Church of Jesus Christ
of Latter-day Saints.

47 E. SOUTH TEMPLE ST

Salt Lake City, Utah

May 24, 1920

Elder Lynn D. Taylor,

Provo, Utah.

Dear Brother:

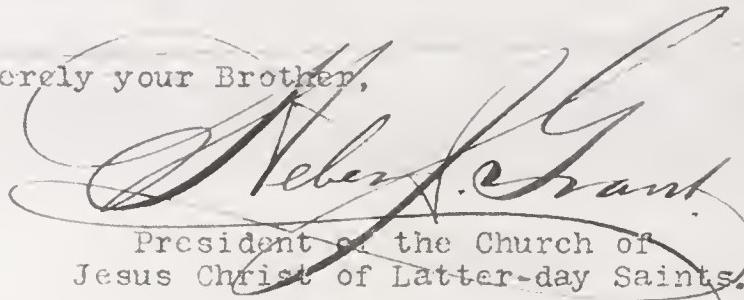
You have been recommended as worthy to fill a mission, and it gives us pleasure to call you to labor in the Northwestern States.

The date appointed for your departure is June 9, 1920. You will be expected to present yourself at the Church Offices, 47 East South Temple Street, at 9 a.m., the day before your departure to make arrangements for your transportation and to be set apart.

Please let us know your feelings with regard to this call, and have your reply endorsed by your Bishop.

Praying the Lord to guide you in this matter, I remain,

Sincerely your Brother,


Heber J. Grant
President of the Church of
Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Lynn served as conference president part of the time. He was released after serving about twenty-eight months.



CHURCH SERVICE

Ralph B. Keeler:

"It is always a pleasure for any man to see his friend serve God through serving his fellowmen. Lynn has spent a lifetime doing this. He has given many years to his church as a missionary, a leader of youth, a ward clerk, a building committeeman, a bishop, and, certainly, in giving full support to Celestia in her heavy responsibilities as a Relief Society general board member. He has also contributed his talent to various service groups in his community, such as the Lions Club, the American Legion, and the Sons of the Utah Pioneers."¹

Henry D. Taylor:

"The area in what is now the Pleasant View Ward was originally a part of the Provo Fourth Ward which was divided on January 18, 1891. The new ward was given the name of "Pleasant View Ward" because of its location near the foot of the mountains commanding a fine view of a large portion of Utah Valley. The organizational meeting was held in the Provo Fourth Ward meeting house with Heber J. Grant and Abraham H. Cannon, members of the council of the Twelve, presiding. Chosen and sustained as bishop of the new ward was Alexander Gillespie. He served in this position from January 18, 1891, to February 26, 1905. His counselors chosen were Charles S. Conrad as first counselor and George Ekins as second counselor. Other counselors who served during Bishop Gillespie's administration were: Abraham B. Liechty, Abraham M. Wilde, and John R. Stubbs.

The Pleasant View Ward meeting house was located just north of the Page School on the Provo Canyon Road. It was built during the early 1920's when Sidney H. Cluff was bishop. Through shrewd purchasing of materials by Bishop Cluff and obtaining a maximum of donated labor, the total cost of the building was \$34,441.85. Of this amount, \$17,000.00 was paid by the Church. It was dedicated by President Heber J. Grant on June 5, 1932. The building is a monument to Bishop Cluff and the loyal and devoted members of the ward. The building was equipped with two hot-air, coal-burning furnaces which in really cold weather had to be forced until the furnace room door would become so hot that it was not possible to hold one's hand on the door. Even with this forcing, the furnaces did not have sufficient capacity to heat the chapel and the other rooms comfortably.

Another matter of concern was the entrance to the chapel. Upon entering the building, one would walk up several steps to a corridor running across the building with the entrance to the chapel on the north and the cultural hall on the south end. The corridor was lined with hooks to provide for coats and hats. As one entered the building, all that could be seen were items of clothing.

This ward commenced on Eighth North which was the north boundary of Provo City and continued to the Wasatch County line in Provo Canyon. The Pleasant View Ward was divided in 1926, and the Edmont Ward was organized.

In 1932, when we moved into our new home in the Pleasant View, our nearest neighbors were the Liechty's and the George Muhlesteins, who lived in the old Muhlestein

home. It was later lived in by the Angus L. Wall family. It has since been torn down. In the mouth of Rick Canyon to the north were the Will Goodman's, and to the west were the Mose and Darwish Kader families, together with the Alden Chatwins. To the south were the Ed. Isaacsons. These were our nearest neighbors.

Some years later, my brother, Lynn, succeeded A. Ray Ekins as bishop of the Pleasant View Ward. Our stake president, Arthur V. Watkins, considered it an honor for a man to be a bishop and thought it was a blessing that should be granted to more worthy, capable, and qualified holders of the priesthood. Bishops were, therefore, recommended for release after having served around five or six years. I was the Sharon Stake Clerk while Lynn was serving as bishop.”²

New Bishop



BISHOP 1939



Lynn D. Taylor

Lynn D. Taylor, new bishop of the Pleasant View ward.

Lynn D. Taylor Named As Bishop At Pleasant View

Lynn D. Taylor was sustained as the new bishop of the Pleasant View ward, at the ward conference held Sunday night under the direction of President A. V. Watkins. Sustained as counselors were Horace Bean and Edward Burgener.

Honorably released at the same meeting were Bishop A. Ray Ekins and his counselors, George Muhlestein and Sterling Cluff, who have served the ward for six years.

Bishop Taylor has been a successful "M" Men leader, and is Sunday school superintendent. Mr. Bean has been M. I. A. president for several years, and Mr. Burgener has been a counselor in the M. I. A.

Each of the new and retiring bishopric members gave short talks, also Samuel Blake of the stake presidency, and Tracy Colvin, ward clerk, who was retained.

The choir, under the direction of Celestia J. Taylor, and accompanied by Ruth Stott, sang "The Heavens Resound," "Once More, Dear Home," "With One United Voice," "Rouse Oh Ye Mortals," and "Gloria."

The prayers were by Henry D. Taylor and Spencer Madsen of the high council.

No. 3069

Bishop's Certificate

To Whom It May Concern:

We, the Undersigned, Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, do hereby certify that on the fifteenth day of January 1939,

Lynn Dixon Taylor was duly chosen and appointed Bishop of the Pleasant View Ward of the Sharon Stake of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, in the County of Utah and State of Utah.

Said Lynn Dixon Taylor was ordained and set apart by Elder Joseph F. Merrill in conformity with the rites, regulations and discipline of said Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, we hereunto subscribe our names at Salt Lake City, Utah, this twenty-third day of January, A.D. 1939.

Deber J. Frank

J Reuben Clark

David O. McKay

Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints

¹ Ralph B. Keeler, Funeral Remarks

² Henry D. Taylor Autobiography

HISTORY OF PLEASANT VIEW WARD

Lynn D. Taylor

In response to a request from your Superintendency, I'm going to give you a few vital statistics connected with the colorful history of our parent ward.

The division of the Oak Hills ward adds another page to a very interesting history.

The Pleasant View ward was originally part of the Provo 4th ward. Being too far to go to church in those "Horse and Buggy Days; it was decided to send two Elders up to hold church in a one-room log cabin near the present site of the Sharon-Industries cannery. The Elders, Jas. H. Snyder and Thaddeus H. Cluff gave this service for over two years, bringing their own wood with them each Sunday during the cold weather to stoke the stove in the drafty cabin.

On January 18th (over 62 years ago) the Pleasant View ward was created. Everything north in Provo, from the river to the mountain ---running north and extending clear up the Canyon to the Wasatch County line, comprised the new boundaries.

Alexander Gillespie was chosen as the first Bishop, with Chas. Conrad and Geo. Ekins as his councilors. Church was held around in the different homes (not so different from our own Relief Society).

In Feb. 1881 it was decided to build a meeting house. The lot we are now on was purchased from Samuel G. Cluff for the sum of \$2.20. (How times have changed.) and construction was started April 30th of that year.

Pres. A. O Smoot of Utah Stake, (then covering this entire valley) and first Mayor of Provo, contributed \$50, his first councilor David John \$25 and members of the 4th and 1st wards in Provo gave \$364.75.

The ward at that time had 42 families with a population of 472, (over 10 to the family) and they donated the balance to make the total, \$3,64.75.

The church was finished and dedicated Sunday, May 26, 1895. It stood about where our present recreation hall now stands.

It was said to be one of the finest churches in the valley. Its size was reported to be 33 x50 ft. with a 50 ft. tower. It had 44 benches and could seat 375 people. (They must have sat awfully close together when the count was made.). I suspect some of those old benches are the same ones you still use in the classrooms and the recreation hall.

The pulpit was upholstered by the Relief Society in "Quote – 'Grand Style with red silk plush". Aisles and stand were carpeted. And to again quote "walls were decorated with pictures of Joseph and Hyrum Smith, Brigham Young, John Taylor, Wilford Woodruff, and a "nice clock". Center pieces of the ceiling were grand specimens of sculptor-work, showing Angels representing "Peace on Earth, Good will to man", under which chandeliers were suspended.

A very significant motto was hung on the East wall, "Sacrifice brings forth the blessing of Heaven." Here's a reminder to our Building Committee – The total cost was \$3,650.50

On May 26th, 1926 Pres. Thos. N. Taylor of the Utah Stake (Sharon Stake had not yet been thought of), announced at a ward conference, that the ward would be divided. All area north of the Rock Canyon Wash was to be called the Edgemont Ward.

Sidney H. Cluff continued on as Bishop of the Pleasant View ward and they decided to build a new church. They began to tear down the old structure on March 27, 1927. The new church we are now in, was completed and furnished ready for dedication on June 5, 1932. This was truly a great occasion –made even greater by the president of the church –Heber J. Grant, who was present and offered the dedicatory prayer.

Great credit is due Bp. Cluff and the members of the ward, some of whom are here today, for their faithfulness and zeal in building the structure. The Muhlstein family, the Liechty's, the Phillips, the Beans, the Patten's, the Burgener's and others I may have overlooked deserve credit for their generosity.

I think special mention should be made of these beautiful paintings on the wall behind me. The Sacred Grove picture particularly has always been an inspiration to me, and I know many others have enjoyed the message that it brings to us. These pictures were painted and donated by a famous Utah Artist, Bro. Orson D. Campbell, a member of the ward.

It has been frequently said that this church represents "the Most Church for the Money ever built in this areas." With a population of 470 souls, the old church was torn down, this large new church was built and furnished for the modest sum of \$34,441.85.

After the dedication, Bp. Cluff was released and succeeded by the following Bishops: A Ray Ekins, Lynn D. Taylor, Henry D. Taylor, R. Bliss Allred, and, after dividing the ward in 1948, the Eastern half, our own Oak Hills ward came into existence with Bp. Naylor, Brother Snow and Brother Clark as the new bishopric.

I am sure that the pages to be written by our new wards will be just as noteworthy as those of the past.

PLEASANT VIEW WARD

Lynn D. Taylor

When I was asked to give this welcoming speech I tried to figure why I was selected for the job, and I suddenly realized that I am in the "Old-Timer" class. How time does fly! It has been just about 19 years since we moved up on the Rock Canyon Bench and I've always thought of myself as a newcomer until I received the assignment. Only the Muhlstein's and the Liechtys and a few other pioneer families now ante-date the Taylors in this new ward of ours. When we moved up on the hill, we had to build the bridges, kill the snakes, build our own roads and even construct our own water systems. Whether we wanted privacy or not, we certainly got it, and with the ward now spreading in our direction so rapidly, we'll either have to move again or be content to be hemmed in.

Our Ward's history is very intriguing. This area around Rock Canyon attracted settlers as soon as it was safe to move out from the protecting shadows of Fort Provo. One John Winkler known as "Dutch John" built a house just across the road from here. Apparently he was quite a character, and a real mule-skinner to boot. He would haul wood from Rock Canyon to sell in Provo, and not having a wagon he , dragged the logs out hitched directly to his mule as soon as he emerged from "Devil's Kitchen."

The first settlers took up ground along the river bottoms because of the availability of water. Those settling on the oak covered hills were forced to haul their water from the river in barrels. Soon canals were built to supply irrigation as well as culinary water.

John Bonnett took up ground along the benches on both sides of Rock Canyon. Mr. Bonnett was of Italian extraction and was the first "high-powered" real-estate salesman in the ward. An uncle of mine gathered up some gravel and said, "Just look at this soil –forty feet of loam and not a rock in it." Which reminds me of the time a real estate agent had a prospect in the Sub-division and was bragging about the fertility of the ground. His prospect said the view was fine but the ground seemed awfully rocky. The agent was telling him that the rocks contributed marvelously to the growing period as they retained the heat during the night, making a shorter growing season. Looking over the fence the prospect noticed a farmer picking up rocks to haul away in a wagon. Why was he hauling them off? "Oh!" said the agent "I've got to go call the owner. That fellow is stealing his precious rocks."

I don't know what kind of salesmanship John Bonnett used on two families of Swiss converts who bought the bench-land on the south of Rock Canyon. Perhaps they saw the beauties of their homeland reflected in the rugged beauty of Squaw Peak and settled the high rocky foothills in preference to the rich black loam of the Fort Fields. They were thrifty, industrious and ingenious. They raised their own meat, grain and other foodstuffs, sheared their own sheep for wool which they spun into clothing, made their own shoes and even wove their straw hats. They built a road up rugged Rock Canyon and farmed quite an area under many handicaps. Older Provo people have told me that frequently during the winter, it was a familiar sight to see a member of these families down town with a bobsled load of maples or oaks drawn by oxen, delivering someone's supply of fuel.

VOCATIONS and AVOCATIONS

Military, Community, Civic and other activities

Lynn served in United State Army during the First World War.

1. *Ernest L. Wilkinson*, in his talk at Lynn's funeral, said that Lynn and Elton were buddies in the Army Training Corporation on the BYU campus. He said that in the worst influenza outbreak, they all contracted it. Lynn, Elton and the rest survived.
2. *Henry D. Taylor's history – page 58*

"In the year 1917, World War One was in progress. A training program for soldiers had been established at BYU known as the Student Army Training Corps (SATC). Students who were old enough were enrolled. My brothers, Lynn and Elton, were both members, as was Ernest L. Wilkinson, who later became president of BYU. The Maeser Memorial Building served as barracks for the troops.

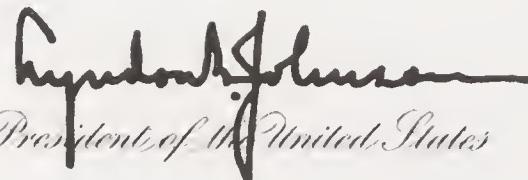




The United States of America
honors the memory of

LYNN D. TAYLOR

This certificate is awarded by a grateful nation in recognition of devoted and selfless consecration to the service of our country in the Armed Forces of the United States.


Lyndon B. Johnson
President of the United States

Among Lynn's many hobbies and interests:

1. Music: As a young boy, Lynn practiced the violin for a time. He loved classical music all of his life. He enjoyed collecting albums of beautiful classical music.
2. Art: In earlier days he did some excellent watercolors. Lynn was an instructor in the BYU Art Department for many years. He and Celestia collected an assortment of art books and art pieces. Their home filled with artistic grace, music and literature..
3. Writing: Lynn was the associate editor of the White and Blue Student newspaper. His infrequent letters were beautifully and personally crafted always printed with his distinctive hand writing. His cursive hand was also beautifully done in earlier years.
4. Acting: He acted in several plays at BYU. He and Celestia attended frequent plays, concerts and lyceums.
5. Athletics: As a student, Lynn was manager of minor sports at BYU for one year. He was a member of the BYA tennis and wrestling teams. All of his life, he enjoyed and was an avid spectator attending BYU sports including wrestling matches, baseball, basketball and football games. He donated to BYU sports and made sure that he had excellent seats at all basketball and football events.
6. Lynn was a member of the Lions Club, member of American Legion, officer in Provo Advertising Club, Cougar Club and the first president of Brickerhaven Corporation.
7. Lynn was one of the organizers of Bonneville Development Co. (Oak Hills Subdivision.), and the Wildcat Investment Club.

An interview between John Taylor and Alice Nelson:

JOHN;...There were a lot of children in your home. How did your mother think of Lynn, would you say? What's your memory of her relationship with her?

ALICE; Oh , I think that where you have a lot of children and though they weren't very close to each other, she had her finger on each one and knew what they were doing, or thought she did. But then Lynn took up wrestling, something that she despised and he kept it under his hat until he got acne on his back from the dirty mats. And so then it had to come out that that's what he'd been doing.

And then of course, he had to be sneaky about playing tennis because my dad did not think there was time to do things like that. He just needed to work all the time. And, of course, that came down from his dad too. And so, anyway, my dad called it chasing butterflies and he was very disgusted., so...

JOHN; Was Lynn successful as a wrestler?

ALICE: Oh I think so and he was very successful as a tennis player. He was on the BYU tennis team. He played a lot of tennis with his cousins, Buck and Sank Dixon. So he had to sneak out to play tennis.

JOHN; When it all came out, then what happened?

ALICE: Well, I don't remember whether my dad found out about it or not. I don't think, until Lynn was into the furniture business and all the rest of it. He always loved tennis.

Ladell Peterson:

"Lynn's love of sports – it was part of his life. He was thrilled to look forward to games. At Church council meetings he would discuss the game of the night before. Lynn loved the boys. He was known as one of the very few released from the hospital at ten to eight and required to come back after the game."

Lynn purchased tickets for the new stadium. He had four tickets on the 50 yard line and he and Celestia hardly missed a game. They also had tickets for the basketball games.

BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

Ralph Keeler:

By 1914 we were in high school at BYU. Lynn was showing interest and precocious skill in art. Loretta Young and Bert Eastman were art instructors. Lynn's early talent lead ultimately to his chosen profession, first as draftsman and designer in architecture, and finally, to interior decoration at BYU.

Lynn was never a one-track man. I remember well, how varied his interests were in college. His chief concern, of course, was with his major field –Fine Arts. Here he was an able student. We envied his ability to earn A's. But he also involved himself in dramatics, and was a member of the Y-News staff and of the Banyan staff. He was also an excellent athlete, choosing tennis as his sport, and was selected to represent the school as a member of the Varsity team. He became a favorite with the student-body and we elected him manager of minor sports.

Ernest L. Wilkinson:

Lynn was a BYU instructor in Interior Design for thirty years. He was the only teacher in that field. He loved working with students and spent long hours with them studying problems. He entertained the faculty in his home.

Resolution of tribute and respect honoring Lynn D. Taylor at Brickerhaven

He served his country during the first world war, and later attended Brigham Young University from which he graduated in June 1923. Lynn loved the University and everything associated with it. He was an avid follower of the sports program. Even when busily engaged in his business activities, he took time to give instruction, in interior decorating and other artistic pursuits, at the school.

Interview with John and Alice:

JOHN; My father, as I seem to recall, was –I may be wrong—but it seems to me that I heard that when he was young he had the nickname, "Sonny," Is that true?

ALICE: No, "Sunbeam".

JOHN: "Sunbeam". Okay, tell me about that.

ALICE; And I don't think he got that until he went to school over at the "Y". Because he wasn't called that when he was a little boy.

JOHN; He didn't have any nicknames within the family? He was just always called Lynn?

ALICE; that's right. And I don't know whether he was the one who named Henry, "Heinz." But "Sunbeam" was his. Lynn was a very good natured boy, everyone like him.

Brigham Young University

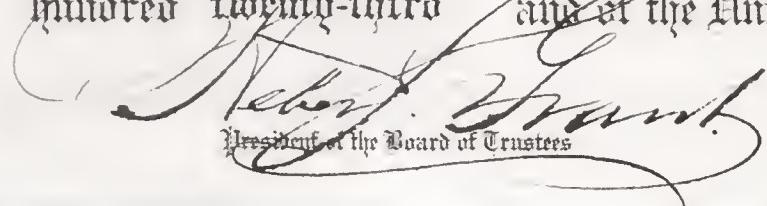
Provo, Utah

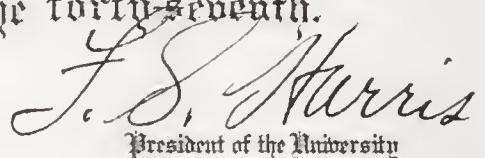
Whereas **Lynn Dixon Taylor** has completed the prescribed course of instruction required for the honor, therefore the Brigham Young University upon the recommendation of the University Council and by virtue of the authority vested in the Board of Trustees hereby confers on him the degree of

Bachelor of Arts

with all the Rights, Privileges and Honors thereto appertaining.

Dated the eighth day of June in the year of our Lord the nineteen hundred twenty-third and of the University the forty-seventh.


Heber J. Grant
President of the Board of Trustees


F. S. Harris
President of the University

DIXON TAYLOR RUSSELL COMPANY

It was to be expected after the dike on Utah Lake washed out and the farm lands flooded, that Father would turn back to the work that he knew best and for which he was best qualified –that of the furniture business.

Upon the advice and backing of his father (George Taylor), he and the following associates organized a new business: Albert F. Dixon, Sidney W. Russell, J. William Howe, Jr., Orson G. Bird, William D. Norman, and Hans O. G. Miller. The name of Dixon Taylor Russell Company was chosen, which represented the names of the vice-president (Albert F. Dixon), President (Arthur N. Taylor), and secretary-treasurer (Sidney W. Russell), respectively. George Taylor's advice of organizing new business and erecting a new building was followed, rather than buying out an already established and going business.

Arthur traded his Taylor Investment Company stock and other consideration to his brother T. N. Taylor for the vacant corner lot on Third West and Center street, which was across the road south from the bank. During the summer of 1921, the newly organized Dixon Taylor Russell Company opened its door to the general public. During the summer Arthur and the other buyers of the company had made their purchases on the Eastern market and when the doors opened to the public, the attractive new building was stocked with all the new, latest, and most up-to-date home furnishings.

The policy of marking each piece of merchandise with its selling price, which was the cash price and the lowest price, was well received by the public. This one-price policy for merchandise was something new for this area and displayed the integrity and honesty of the company in its desire to treat all customers the same, be he rich or be he poor.

With Provo as the main store, during the next eight years ten branch stores were established in Springville, Payson, Pleasant Grove, and Orem. During the depression of 1930-33, the stores at Nephi, Heber, and Helper were closed.

Economic conditions incident to the depression had created much unemployment. Customers of DTR Co. who had sizable installment accounts were unable to make payments on their accounts. Father had instituted a program where the employees were required to take 10 percent of their salaries in produce. Many unemployed debtors were willing to offer their services for credit on their accounts, and others had fruits, vegetables, and other commodities to offer. These were referred to as "Produce Accounts."

The worries and responsibilities of keeping the business open, what with the banks folding up and closing their doors and other financial organizations demanding payments due them, customers being unable to pay their bills, few sales being made, and the prospects of the business of supporting their families, was just too much for one man's shoulders to carry. Father's health began to fail, and he was never able to completely regain it. He, with the loyal support of his associates, was able to pull the company through the financial crisis of this period, and the business continued to grow and prosper.

One of the guiding philosophies of life which exalted him in the eyes of his associates and friends –“I would rather suffer a wrong than do a wrong” Can be traced throughout the pattern of his life.

Lynn spent several years as draftsman and designer in Joseph Nelson’s architect office. He spent six months working at Barker Brothers, Los Angeles. He was manager of DTR Co. Drapery Department. He graduated from the School of Interior Decoration, New York. He was also advertising manager at DTR Co.

Interview with John and Alice:

JOHN; ..first Arthur, then Lynn, then Elton, then Henry, then Alice, then Clarence, then Ruth, and last, Kenneth. Okay what did your father think about Lynn?

ALICE; My father was a man of such few words. Didn’t ever express himself so you didn’t ever know, except we knew by his expression and by his conversation what he thought of people...But he took a lot of pride in Lynn because he had a definite talent, especially for decoration.

He saw a need for him in the furniture business and, at that time, interior decoration was just beginning to be a big thing—furnishing homes. And so, he got the idea that Lynn should. I think he sent him to California first to work in a store.

JOHN; Yes, that was Barker Brothers, I think.

ALICE; Yes, and to get the feel for what it was like to work in yardage. Now I don’t know exactly what that meant because it had nothing to do with decoration from what I heard. But anyway, he cut off cloth and did all these things . They called them dry goods material that came in bolts. And I don’t think it was very interesting to him.

But then, my father sent him to New York to this school interior decoration and he did really well because there was so much sketching to do and he was filled with good ideas. He had a flair for architecture because in school, he must have taken some because he designed the furniture store (Dixon Taylor Russell Company). Those were his own drawings. He did all the specifications and everything for that store which took great skill.

And then, of course, went into the interior things and was exceptionally good. All the women in Provo would have nobody else but him to come and decorate their homes. And I used to feel, I know that was out of joint because I worked down at the store with him, and they never would let me do anything. They always had to wait till he came and talked to them. But anyway, he had a natural flair for the things that were artistic and went together well and all.

JOHN; I knew he designed Elton’s home in Price, and I know that he worked for Joseph Nelson on the design of the Utah County Building. And I know that he designed our house, but I had never heard before that he actually worked on the Dixon Taylor Russell building as a draftsman too.

ALICE; He did it from scratch.

JOHN; Isn't that interesting!

ALICE; I mean, the specifications and everything which are pretty detailed, as you know. You have to really have, you have to be knowledgeable to do it. So he evidently was. I can picture in my mind because I've seen them – some of those drawings that he made of that building.

JOHN; Well, Alice, nobody else could tell me these things but you. In Grandfather Taylor's grand scheme of things, was it by intention or did it just fall out that Henry was a good financial man and became treasurer, and Art was a good manager and became president of Dixon Taylor Russell Co., and Uncle Bud was a great financial support to Henry, and Lynn took the drapery department, and Kenneth was in training to become the advertising person? And then when Ken did not survive, Dad took over advertising together with the drapery department. But who planned that, or did the boys just fall into that natural plan?

ALICE; I think they did and Ken was planning to go back to school, the interior decorations school in New York. That's where he was when he got sick and had to come home. Of course, he couldn't finish because he died soon after that. But he had the same kind of ability that Lynn did and so that's what he was going to be trained to do. To come in and help Lynn in that department.



landmark in downtown Provo, this building was home of Dixon Taylor Russell
o. Built in 1921, it was located at Third West and Center.



The NEW YORK SCHOOL of
INTERIOR DECORATION
578 MADISON AVE·NEW YORK

Chartered by the Board of Regents
University of the State of New York

SHERRILL WHITON, President
JESSICA HUTTON, Secretary

September 9, 1929

Dixon - Taylor - Russell Co.
Provo, Utah

Gentlemen: Re: Mr. Lynn D. Taylor

During the past summer one of your salesmen, Mr. L. D. Taylor, took our Practical Training Course in Interior Decoration and we would like you to know how pleased we were with his work. His record shows an average mark of ninety-three which we consider excellent.

It is a great pleasure to have young men of this type with us and we are sure you will feel mutually benefitted.

Assuring you of our interest, we remain

very truly yours,

THE NEW YORK SCHOOL OF INTERIOR DECORATION

EBH/M



LYNN DIXON TAYLOR, A LOVING MEMOIR

John Arthur Taylor

Lynn Dixon Taylor, my father. When my brother-in-law, Monte DeGraw heard me talking of my work on *Clarence Dixon Taylor; His Life and Work*, he growled, "You ought to forget writing about Uncle Bud's life and write your own father's life!"

Easy to say but while Uncle Bud (Clarence) left behind 15 file boxes filled with histories, genealogical records, stories, essays; my dad left behind—in the way or written records—one

rather long essay, “*Our home on the Hill*,” and a few dinner speeches, and nothing else. That he was a compelling writer is evidenced by “Our Home on the Hill,” written sometime between July and September 1965. We would not even have that had I not found some rough notes in his desk after his death. I edited and typed this recollection and it has now found its way into many people’s books and libraries, including mother’s personal history, *Through A Lifetime*.

My father was born May 6, 1898, and he died in 1967, at the relatively young age of 69. Because of my years as a missionary, soldier, graduate student, and businessman in Ohio, I missed a lot of dad’s last two decades. Another bitter regret is that dad died while my own family was driving to Utah from Ohio on summer vacation and we reached Provo several hours after his death.

This little memoir is my belated attempt to express my love, appreciation, and admiration for a remarkable husband and father with whom I’d like to have spent much more time in our older years.

No one who has not been the oldest child in a family can understand the really unusual dynamic of that child’s relationship with his parents. It is a very unusual relationship with tension on both sides, for the first child is really the subject of experimentation as he “breaks-in” two brand new parents. It is wonderful that the parents and the child survive this experience.

As this is about my father, I will focus on my recollections of the man I called “daddy,” all through my childhood.

When we first met, in Provo’s Crane Maternity Hospital, dad was 30 years old, about five feet seven inches tall, probably weighing about 160 pounds and strongly built. He had smooth red hair, not bright, but a pleasing shade. Recently I had occasion to look up dad’s Utah County World War I Military Registration Form, filled out September 12, 1918, in which the Registrar certifies that he is “Short, of Medium Build, with Blue Eyes, and Red Hair.” At that time, twenty years of age, dad used plain cursive handwriting to fill out the form, not the attractive individualistic style of his later life.

Dad was the second oldest of six brothers and two sisters, and all the boys had red hair of varying shades except the fourth son, Henry, whose hair was dark. I have always assumed the red hair came to us from the Dixon side of the family, but I have just read Aunt Ruth’s personal history and learned for the first time that Grandfather Arthur Taylor’s hair was red! My only memory of him is that his hair was grey. On the other hand, Ruth says her mother, Maria Dixon, less than five feet tall, had long thick *black* hair!

Lynn was always a boy and man who was well liked by all. He had a pleasing personality, and as a youth had the nickname, “Sunbeam.”

His father, Arthur Nicholls Taylor, was benevolent and kind, but he was also totally committed to teaching his children to work hard. Lynn was athletic and together with his brothers and cousins played all the games. His interest in wrestling and tennis ran into conflict with his father and he had to fight to be involved in high school and college sports, and there were severe problems.

Grandfather Taylor had a lot of business and farming enterprises, many of which, viewed objectively at a distance in time, were more effective in helping members of his own family (his younger brother Ashted said many times: "Arth's the only father I ever knew!") and in keeping his children busy with chores, rather than in making money.

My father was very talented. Early on he developed an interest in architecture and was a fine draftsman. He took courses from ICS (International Correspondence School) while still in high school, and told me that early in the morning he would set up his drafting board in the kitchen of his home to work on assignments. Later he worked in the office of a prominent local architect and had a hand in the design of the magnificent Provo City and County Building on the southeast corner of University Avenue and Center Street. Still later he designed his and Henry's home on the hills east of Provo, Elton's home in Price, and important modifications and improvements to Taylor properties on west Center Street inside and out. I believe that dad would have selected a career in architecture, except, as he told me, the upper reaches of the required mathematics thwarted him. His lifelong friend, Fred Markham achieved prominence in architecture, and was married to dad's first cousin Maud Dixon.

While dad, as noted hereafter, became a highly successful interior designer, he did not seem to have much interest in the further development of his artistic skills. That his latent ability was prodigious is evidenced by the time I well remember, when he purchased some watercolor supplies and good papers, and in a short time and seemingly without practice turned out a few really wonderful renderings after which he lost interest. Unfortunately these were not cared for and preserved and are lost. However, I seem to recall that Lynn Anne was able to save, and perhaps now has, one or two of these specimens.

At some point dad went to work for his father at Taylor Brother's Department Store. According to his brother Clarence, among dad's duties at the close of the business day, was to spread sheeting over all the bolts of fabrics or displays to protect them against dust or soot during the night or on Sundays and holidays. Coal was universally used to provide heat, and soot settled on every level surface. I remember as a child in our first home, seeing tiny flecks of soot on the windowsills, and one of every housewife's chores in the spring was to wipe down the walls and ceilings with wallpaper cleaner, a handful of doughy substance that would pick up all the dust and grime.

After Arthur N. and his brothers and associates established Dixon-Taylor-Russell Company just across the street from Taylor Brother's Department Store, my father was sent to work for Barker Brother's famous home furnishings business in Los Angeles for a short season in which he enhanced his knowledge of the drapery business for which he was being groomed to develop at DTR.

Dad also spent a few months at the New York School of Interior Design to further develop his knowledge and skill. I recently discovered a letter (since misplaced) sent, possibly to his father at DTR, complimenting him on Lynn's work as a student. Dad's proficiency as a draftsman enabled him to produce an exhaustive book full of beautiful drawings and tracings of period furniture and historic bric-a-brac that he had to master.

Over the 43 years of DTR's existence and dominance of the home furnishings business in Central Utah (at one point there were seven or more branch stores) dad built the Drapery Department, and associated upholstering and slipcover business, into one the biggest operations in the state. Moreover, and I am not exaggerating for I have heard this with my own ears, scores of women in the area served by DTR declared they would have no one other than Lynn Taylor help them with their home decorating.

When my father was courting Celestia Johnson, over quite a long period it seems, as she was in no hurry to marry, he would borrow the family car to drive on weekends over to Grantsville in Tooele County where she was teaching school. It is hard to imagine the difficulty of this journey in the 1920's, as the distance of fifty miles or more was over rough roads in the less reliable cars of that era. And the journey forth and back would have been at least 100 miles. Dad's father Arthur N. was obviously amused, as he is reported to have said, "Lynn wouldn't do it if it were not for those sparkling black eyes!"

When I come to our cabin in Brickerhaven, I nearly always spend a few moments contemplating three large photographs of our parents hanging above the kitchen stove. Often in my obeisance I *talk* to the photos (with no one else around, of course). I have enlarged these from surviving snapshots and placed them in rustic frames.

I would date the photos to about 1924. One piece of evidence is that Janice has unearthed a photograph of a group at a 1924 Gold Bricker Spring Festival including Lynn and Celestia and they appear to be wearing the same clothes, as I will discuss below.

The three photos depict Lynn and Celestia in their youth and beauty, and are worth describing for those who have not seen or examined them carefully.

The snapshots appear to have been taken on the same day. Their pose in each photo is elegant and interesting.

In the first they are perched side by side on the top of a three-pole fence, probably in Wildwood near the Taylor's well-beloved "ANT" cabin. They are impeccably dressed for an outing on a sunny day. Lynn's feet are on the second pole, while Celestia's are on the bottom pole. Her hands are resting behind her. They are both wearing Jodhpur breeches with lace-up boots. Lynn has on a white shirt with the sleeves rolled up above the elbows. He is wearing a tie with, oddly, the under end longer than the top end. He is clean-cut and well groomed. His hands are crossed at the wrists and hanging between his knees. Celestia is wearing, besides a nice smile, a mid-thigh belted jacket with lapels, a blouse with a white collar and a long thin tie. It must be cool as she is wearing a nubbly sweater under her jacket. She is wearing some sort of flower on her right lapel. She has a dimple in her right cheek that I have never noticed in her mature years. Her dark hair is marcelled and she has an artful lock hanging on her right brow.

The next two photos were taken on a cliff alongside Stewart's Falls above present-day Brickerhaven. They took snapshots of each other in charming poses. "Cess" has discarded her belted jacket and is now down to her nubbly sweater. She is wearing a very large slouch cap. She is twisted at the waist, her left hand on her hip, and is wearing a very sexy, yet demure smile, and is the very picture of insouciance. The stock of the Taylor family .22 rifle is resting on the ground by her side, the sight of the barrel caught in her left trouser pocket.

Lynn, in his photo is the very model of the intrepid outdoorsman. He is slight of figure but slim and strong. A lock of hair falls over his right brow. The stock of the rifle is resting on the ground and he is grasping the top of the barrel in his right hand. The strap of the camera case is slung over his right shoulder.

As I carefully examine the photographs of this attractive couple in the confidence, optimism, and beauty of their youth, I am moved to tears, and I so very proud and happy to be their child. I look forward to being with them again sometime in another place.

Dad married Celestia Marguerita Johnson, on August 17, 1927. He was 29, and she was 24. Their first child, John Arthur Taylor, was born October 2, 1928. Speedy work, that.

Their first home was a small house rented from John Tranham Taylor, dad's uncle. John T. Taylor was proprietor of a grocery store on west Center Street, close by. As of this writing, John T. Taylor has a surviving daughter, Norma Gardiner, who lives in the Oak Hills Stake. The John T. Taylor's lived next door to our rented house, and Norma who is three years older than I claims to have observed me as a small child.

It will provide perspective to note that I lived in this house from the time I was born until 1933 when we moved into our new home on the hill, at age five.

I have some good memories of our first home, but I wish now that I had listened more carefully to mother's description of it. My father had done everything possible to make it a "little bit of heaven." He was a freshly ordained interior decorator, with access to DTR's fabrics and furnishings, and according to mother, it was beautifully appointed. At that time—and for years to come—dad's financial resources were small so that would have been a limiting factor.

While this memoir is about dad, I can't resist relating four more personal memories about living in this home (besides the little flecks of soot on the window sills).

In the entry hall there was a metal grill through which hot air flowed from the furnace below. I vividly remember sitting down on that grill without wearing my diaper. Presto, waffle-shaped burns on my nether person!

From the lintel over a door between two rooms my father had suspended a little canvas seat with holes for my legs and my feet just cleared the ground. A heavy spring at the top enabled me to bounce and jounce, and I believe I found this much to my fancy. When my youngest son David was a tot we tried a similar appliance with him, but "it did not suit;" he hated it.

I had a small tricycle and in learning to manage it in my new *material* world, I drove it from the dining room into the kitchen, not understanding the peril of the two steps leading down.

My mother's grandmother, Rhoda Young McNicol Nash, visited us in her old age, and stayed for a short time. It may seem incredible, but I remember her as a dark somber person clad in black sitting on our front porch. I say incredible as she died in December of 1930 when I had only shortly been two years old. She was born in 1842; as I write this I am nearly 82, thus our touching lives reach across 168 years! Our great grandmother's life story with all her trials and triumphs is told elsewhere in our family annals.

One of my earliest memories is of Dad's taking me to the mouth of the Provo to swim. His father had many enterprises in that area and dad was intimately familiar with the river and its best swimming holes. He would place me on the bank and entice me to jump in and he would rescue me from drowning. On one occasion we were having great fun, until I jumped in on my own, he unaware. I suppose he rescued me from strangling. I really didn't learn to swim until years later in the upper reaches of the same river at Wildwood.

After Dad and Henry selected building sites on the hills above Provo, and dad had designed houses, their father agreed to let them make use of lumber that had formerly been part of their failed resort, Provanna. I remember one of the doors in our basement still bore a bathhouse number. Construction was begun and we moved in, in 1933.

Contractors and subcontractors were involved but after long days at DTR (8:30 a.m. to 6:00 p.m.), dad would go up "on the hill" to our building site to clean up, move dirt and rocks and so forth. I often went along. One evening my Grandma Johnson made us a paper sack full of French fries, as we were going to spend the night sleeping on the floor of our new home (the walls were not yet up). Dad and I wrapped in blankets and ate fries under a starry sky. That is a happy memory!

A little later when the home was near completion dad was pushing a wheelbarrow loaded with rocks. He was coming around the house in one direction and I was running around the house in the other. We collided and the lip of the wheelbarrow hit me right in the chest. I was knocked as cold as a wedge. Dad was scared to death. I have no memory of this but was told the story.

I have another very happy memory of our new home on the hill. In the basement on the south side there was a room about nine feet wide and perhaps fourteen feet long. This was to be my bedroom, and dad had designed a sailing ship motif. At the west end there was a built in bunk bed framed by planks, the edges of which had been decorously fretted. Underneath the bed were two large pull out drawers. High on the south wall there were two small narrow windows, and the door into the room had a glass window. I have forgot the nature of the window treatment but I recall a nautical design in the fabric. On the wall and near the bed there were several electric lights designed to look like ship's lanterns. The walls and woodwork were painted white. The overall effect was entirely charming. Over the years that lie between I have thought with gratitude about dad's loving kindness in preparing this wonderful bedroom for his first son. In actuality it was a disaster. The room was unheated. It was cold and tended toward damp without being so. It was far from my parent's bedroom. It was lonely and scary for a five or six year old. In a short time it was abandoned as a bedroom, and Janice and I were happily consigned to a "sleeping porch" built above the garage that was underneath the house on the east.

Traditionally, in dad's home on Fifth West, the boys slept in an unheated "sleeping porch," in the back yard. This structure was eventually moved up on the hill when later we needed to install more telephones, a story told in Uncle Bud's history.

Our sleeping porch was unheated, and every night when commanded to go to bed Janice and I would race across the freezing floor and into the freezing bed. Sometimes we

would be permitted to take the family hot water bottle with us, and at some point I had a black and white cat that was very useful in providing warmth under the covers. Later mother added some cotton sheets to her inventory that formerly consisting of only percales, and that was a great blessing.

The sleeping porch had no window glass, only screens around and around. Janice will support my testimony that many a morning we would awake to find snow that had sifted in through the screens and onto the bed.

When our home on the hill was built, the surrounding grounds were completely barren except for rocks and cheat grass. Dad began to plant trees of various kinds. I went with him to a canal bank on the Provo Bench (Orem) someplace where he dug up a Poplar and transplanted it into our lawn 15 feet from the door to the kitchen. That tree eventually got to be 75' tall and its trunk was two feet in diameter.

Dad purchased some small fast growing trees that were purportedly Chinese Elms, and planted several of them. They grew fast indeed and have been one of dad's most successful *legacies*, or perhaps I should say *curses*. The trees he planted were most probably Siberian Elms, which are unusually prolific, producing small seeds in the center of a membrane disc the size of one's little fingernail that are carried far and wide in the millions by the slightest breeze. Located on the hill with winds out of Rock Canyon, the progeny of his trees were broadcast, I kid you not, all over Utah Valley and beyond, and are roundly cursed. They grow in any soil and are drought resistant. Each spring Catherine sweeps up gallons of these seeds in our yard or driveways

A remarkable Apricot tree grew in our lawn. As a small boy I planted an Apricot pit that sprouted. I nurtured it and it grew into a mighty tree. I always thought of it as a volunteer, but it is possible that dad got Heber Liechty to graft it. Whatever, it produced wonderful large apricots in rich abundance.

Another fruit tree episode was not so successful. On the north side of our driveway there was a small pie cherry tree that produced a great amount of fruit. Dad got the idea that he could turn it into a sweet cherry tree by having Heber graft it. So one spring dad cut most of the branches back to the trunk and expected the tree to produce new shoots. Sadly, the tree simply died, to our regret, as the tree was a sort of family pet.

When we were small children my grandfather Johnson sometimes took my sister Janice and me to the A&W root beer stand on the corner of First South and University Avenue. They had kid's size root beer served in a frosted mug. I was mad for it. Once when the family was out for a joyride in the car we were promised a stop at A&W. I could not control my excitement and kept up a perpetual patter, "give me root beer, give me root beer!" This wore dad out and he said, "Why don't you ask for whiskey?" This shut me down until the waitress came to the car window to take our order. I asked for whiskey.

My Grandfather Taylor had two horses, Tony and Prince, that I guess were stabled on the farm, or maybe even in the barn at the back of the family home on Fifth West, but certainly sometimes were roving the foothills behind the barbed wire fences Clarence and Kenneth had erected. One beautiful summer day, dad and mom got the horses saddled and we set forth up

Rock Canyon. Janice and I were in the party. I'm guessing this was about 1937. Lynn Anne was born in 1935 so she must have been left home in someone's care. The canyon was lovely and green. During a rest stop I remember closely examining some buttercups. Dad brought along a .22 pistol and he and mom took a few shots. Then proceeding up "First Left," we rode to the top of the ridge and south to the very tip of Squaw Peak. I remember dad's tethering the two horses to a cedar tree, while we looked over the edge and down onto our home and Utah Valley below. When I was a little older I ransacked the house many times trying to find that .22 pistol, but I guess dad had borrowed it, or disposed of it.

In the thirties and forties, people typically worked six days a week. Certainly businessmen recovering from the Great Depression had to do so. Our dad worked from around nine in the morning to six at night, with time off for lunch, of course, Monday through Saturday, so his early evenings in the summer were very valuable to him, and he frequently had projects going on that involved terracing or building rock walls. He loved to build rock walls and his method was to dig out the space, then build a wall of boards ten or twelve inches from the earthen surface, then drop in smooth rocks—our principal crop on the hill—ranging in size from softballs to bread loaves, alternating with concrete poured in on top, and tamped down as best possible. In those days before concrete mixing plants, home projects were generally accomplished through use of a mixing trough, buckets of water, shovels, and any available hands. For bigger projects, small size concrete mixers were generally available to borrow. A consequence is that the concrete greatly varied in composition and quality. When the forms were taken down, voila! The results were attractive walls consisting of lots of rocks and probably not enough concrete, but I don't recall one ever falling down. Dad had a penchant for embedding carefully spaced bottles in the tops of his walls, after broken off flush. I believe the intention was that these holes would accommodate posts or poles, which might be required later. My recollection is that even after years, the holes would remain empty.

Snakes and spiders were a very much a part of our environment, "blow" snakes were often seen near our home. When Eph Leichty mowed his alfalfa he usually inadvertently cut up a few. They are quite large snakes and are often mistaken for rattlers. Though not poisonous they are death to rattlesnakes. Black Widow Spiders were very common and while wary we did not especially fear them. Dad one time captured one with her round, fuzzy egg in the web, and put it in a quart jar and took it down to DTR. The egg hatched releasing a gang of little spiders and somehow the bottle got opened or broken. For a long time the boys in the warehouse at the rear of the store had to cope with the results.

Water was always the big bugbear in our early life on "The Hill." Eph Leichty had a ditch that watered an orchard of Italian Plums and other trees just east and south of Henry D. Taylor's home and the plan for providing our culinary water was to take water from this ditch into a cistern built under Henry's house. The water in this ditch had an interesting history.

In the days of the early settlers, the Muhlesteins, and the Leichty's and others had captured the water in the back of Rock Canyon, and with incalculable labor built a concrete flume to deliver the water into a large diversion box, maybe twenty feet square. On the north and south sides there were gates to control the distribution of the water to farmers on the benches to the north and south of the canyon. On the north the ditch was called the

"Hardscrabble." The south ditch and its various branches fed users all along the bench. The distribution of water was governed by water shares purchased by users and was jealously guarded. When it was Eph Leichty's "Water Turn," the water would run through his cow pasture where his cows and horses were kept, and did their business, and along the brow of the hill and into a cistern near his house, and then down a very steep incline to the next level of old Lake Bonneville terraces, north along the edge of the Wasatch Fault, then west toward Henry Taylor's, watering Eph's pastures, alfalfa fields, orchards, etc., all along the way. The Taylor Family water turn was on the heels of the Leichty turn, and then the cistern would be filled and the water would be available for use on our own gardens and lawns.

Now the water turns were highly irregular by hour of the day, coming on at scheduled times that were often early or late at night. A provoking aspect of agricultural water is that a user's turn begins at a certain time, but he cannot benefit from it until the water has reached his property. When water is turned into a dry ditch it proceeds very slowly. A tongue of water moves forward sampling the dirt it seems and then picks up speed very slowly. Farmers must keep their ditches clean, because ditches filled with growing weeds or debris impede and even diminish the flow of water. So during the water turn, the user is often patrolling his ditches to remove clogs, prevent overflows, repair breeches in the sides of the ditch, and horror of horrors, to take quick action when he finds that the water has found a gopher hole in the ditch and has enlarged it and the water is pouring away onto the wrong property. One time the water in the ditch by Henry's house "got away," by bursting the north side and pouring down the steep hill into Rock Canyon. No one knew of this for many hours and a great scouring of the hill took place, resulting in the loss of hundreds of tons of earth, and creating a gorge fifty feet wide and a hundred and fifty feet long, a truly ugly blight. Verl Allman later bought that lot, building a home on the top of the hill, and spent many years filling and re-vegetating that big hole. Today, it's green, but still visible!

Back to our culinary water, which entered Henry's cistern after passing through Eph Leichty's cow pasture and thousands of feet of earthen ditches. People keep telling me that we transported our drinking water from Provo. Well, we did when the cistern ran dry on occasion, but let me tell you, friends, we drank out of the tap. Sometimes the water would be taken to some County laboratory for testing, and the word would come back, something like; "This water is not fit for human consumption and should not be used for culinary purposes." We drank it and we survived, and we thrived, and probably developed some valuable immunities.

My dad handled the water turns, but sometimes he got me to help him in the night even though I was very young, and I learned how to manage the water as well as to be terrified of it. I mentioned above that the water came down a very steep slope by Eph's house. Years of erosion in that channel had made it a very stony watercourse, and the water as it poured down made a loud clattering noise, the sound of which easily carried to my bedroom window. At night I would awake hearing the awful noise of the water headed in our direction and be totally worried that the water was coming into our ditches and that maybe no one was taking control of it; that it would escape, and do the sort of damage of which unloosed water is capable. Even to this very day, seventy years later I occasionally have nightmares in which I hear the sound of that roaring stream and wake up in a sweat. In other homes I've lived in subsequently in Ohio

and Provo, I have had occasions when there have been bad incidents involving uncontrolled water and I both fear and hate it.

On numerous occasions when dad had to go to the Market in Chicago, and would be away for a week or two, it invariably happened that our water turn was at midnight, or three a.m., and I would have to go out with a *bad* flashlight and a shovel, and spend hours coaxing the water down the ditch to irrigate our garden or lawn. I have had a lot of experience with bad flashlights; maybe that's why I am so fixated on them today. Wherever I am you can be sure there will be terrific flashlights "ready to hand."

Our dad had some highly interesting and even scary experiences involving bringing down the water to fill the cistern in deep winter when the ditches were frozen, and even with problems involving ownership of the water which he describes in his excellent monograph, "Our Home On The Hill," included elsewhere in this book.

All who knew my father recognized that he had some true pioneer genes, and he was always thinking of new and for the most part practical ideas for improving his life or the lives of others. Sometimes these developments worked out beautifully (Brickerhaven, for example), and some ideas that were brilliant in concept turned out to have feet of clay, such as in pruning the cherry tree. One such involved the lawn at "Pussy Willow Bend."

I digress briefly to mention that when we first moved up on the hill, sewer lines were not even thought of. We had a septic tank, a so-called "cesspool," located on the steep hillside just to the west of our home. Apart from a few gambrel oak clusters, the hill was pretty barren. Mother thought she would plant some pussy willows at the outlet of the septic tank. They simply loved that location and flourished. As the dugway, as our dirt road up the hill was called, wrapped around our property, "Pussy Willow Bend," seemed to fit.

Water from the family cistern was not to be wasted watering lawns, so dad decided to harness the water from the ditch, of which we didn't then use much. He had an ingenious and well-developed idea and though it required a lot of work he employed it with joy. Along the top of our lawn (at the east side of our property he built a narrow, covered concrete channel. About every eight or ten feet there was a little gate set into the channel fitted with a galvanized metal baffle that could slide up and down to release water onto the lawn. At DTR he had one of the women in the drapery sewing room make several long bags of canvas perhaps twenty feet in length, maybe eight inches in diameter of. When watering time came the bags could be affixed to the gate openings, the main channel could be blocked, and the water would pour out onto the lawn. The canvas bags would release water along their length, but would also carry the water far out into the lawn. Eventually it was too time consuming to worry about the bags, and the water was let to flow over the lawn unencumbered. Alas, there was a fatal flaw to this scheme, and it was eventually abandoned. The problem? The water coming through the ditch was laden with sand or clay, and the particulates were dropped on the lawn, eventually building up mounds of sand covered with grass. Also, I recall the channel (under the driveway) containing the water also plugged up. Paraphrasing I think Huxley: "...The slaying of a beautiful hypothesis by an ugly fact."

Came the time our sleeping porch was divided in two so that Janice and Lynn Anne could have a bedroom and I would have the other half. Over time our little home on the hill was divided and subdivided to accommodate the needs of our growing family. Dad was able to obtain large crates used to contain and ship carpet rolls or furniture. These were lined with a plywood-like material and dad used them to cover the walls of the new bedrooms. If I ever get around to writing my own history I shall have a lot to say about my bedroom sanctuary. The garage under the sleeping porch was before long abandoned, as the pitch of the drive down into it was incompatible with the heavy snow and getting in and out impossible. In the later thirties, a BYU student would sometimes come to live with us, as a roomer, not a boarder though I don't know or remember what the financial arrangements were, or where the guy slept, perhaps in my old room down the basement. However part of the deal was that the student would help dad with his never-ending projects around our small property. The east end of the drive down into the old garage was dug away, and retaining walls built on three sides, with a concrete stairway on the east, to form a sunken garden, in which there was planted a flourishing apricot tree and other plants around the base of the wall. The floor of the garden was grass, but it never did too well. My recollection is of two male students who thus served. One was diligent and a hard worker. The other was just the opposite. At a later time the dividing wall in the sleeping porch was removed to build a larger bedroom for mom and dad, a dining room was built in their old bedroom space, and the garage underneath was nicely fitted out as a bedroom for me and George, and we occupied the space companionably despite a large age gap between us. Dad even placed a fireplace in this bedroom though it was seldom used. A problem with most fireplaces is that they do not draw well and this one was no exception.

Business hours were very different for my father than for most business-men today. I don't recall for sure what time in the morning the DTR store opened, but it must have been around nine a.m. After delivering all the children to school, dad and Henry would be at the store until six in the evening. Businesses were typically open six days a week, and days taken off were rare.

Before World War II and during the war, dad and Henry each had only one car, and they would take turns driving to work and taking the children to school and back. This made it possible to leave one car on the hill for Celestia and Alta, in the event of important trips. However, gas rationing and the extreme difficulty of replacing tires meant that travel anywhere, anytime was sharply curtailed.

During our grade school years, Janice, Henry D. Junior ("Dee"), and I would usually trudge to school early in the morning, about a two and a half mile trip to the lower campus of BYU where we attended the Elementary Training School. As thermometers were unknown in our homes, and the radio never mentioned temperature (the "wind-chill factor" hadn't been invented yet), we did not know that some mornings it must have been well below freezing as the snow made that crunching sound that signifies near zero. But we were so cold.

At times when it was possible to pick up the children and bring them home for a brief lunch period, dad would take a quick nap on the living room couch, twenty minutes being the

longest siesta possible. It was just impossible for me to avoid interrupting his nap to ask a question, but he took it in good spirit.

Sometimes when dad was stuck downtown at lunchtime, he would head west down Center Street to the Bonnett & Vacher Drug Store, which had a little lunch counter, and he would have a sandwich. As I recall, he was an old friend of the proprietor. Dad was not a gambling man, but they had a very attractive little feature that was definitely a "game of chance." A punchboard, so-called was to be found in almost all drug stores and many other places of business. It was a board composed of many thicknesses of paper or cardboard, colorfully decorated, drilled with hundred of tiny holes into which had been inserted small plugs of paper, then the tops of the holes were artfully covered. The object was that after a player had paid the proprietor, what? A nickel or whatever, he could use a small wire punch and selecting a hole at random, or using "his intuitive system," would punch out the plug and unroll a tiny slip of paper to find out if he had won a prize, which could range from an excellent rifle or a piece of fishing equipment down to a candy bar. The board contained so many holes that it covered the cost of the prizes as well as the payoff to the vendor and the shop owner. I doubt dad played this game often, but one time he came home with a prize he'd carried off; quite a large group of candy bars, nougat filled and covered with crushed nuts. We didn't often have candy in our home, except when we made honey candy or vinegar taffy, and as we all had a "sweet tooth," except for dad, and candy vanished in the twinkling of an eye. Mother took charge of dad's bounty and it was hidden away, to be doled out a small piece at a time, usually before we went off to bed. The hoard lasted quite some time and we were sad to see the end!

Coming out of the depression years of the thirties, our parents had to be very economical. I don't remember ever, going to a restaurant with my parents, nor do I recall ever going on an out-of-town vacation with my parents, except for one-day picnic or sightseeing trips. After dad built his dream cabin in Brickerhaven (begun in 1939), he almost never wanted to be anywhere else during the summers when he had any time off. Usually the family would move up to Brickerhaven in the summer and he would commute to Provo every morning and back every evening. However we would move back and forth as necessary for groceries, laundry, Church, and so forth. The only vacation I recall taking with my parents was after my military service when we drove down to the Grand Canyon, or Zion's or Bryce's or whatever. Janice will remember as she was working down there at the time.

Over the years dad's responsibilities at Dixon Taylor Russell Company broadened. In addition to governing the decorating department including the drapery and upholstery he also was de facto Advertising Manager and a good one. More about this later. Sometime in the 40's Provo's first radio station—KOVO—began operation, and was used gingerly by DTR. During the war the station carried Cedric Foster, a nationally syndicated news commentator. He had a very distinctive voice and delivery. In those days before television, newspapers and radio were very important to every household. War news was the hot topic for years and Dad was really committed to Foster's 15 or 30-minute broadcasts during the noon hour. Days when the family was at home for lunch and sitting at table, it was verboten for us to chatter during Foster's broadcasts, as dad was keenly attentive. He could be sharp with us at such times.

Here is another KOVO anecdote: I don't know who came up with this clever idea, but dad embraced it. DTR had a strong tie with the Simmon's Mattress Company and over many years a gazillion mattresses were sold. For a long time when KOVO signed off at midnight the announcer would say something like: "The next six hours of uninterrupted quiet, peace and slumber are brought to you by the Dixon Taylor Russell Company."

Dad, and other managers at DTR went to Chicago to the buyer's mart probably twice per year where they would purchase furniture, appliances, draperies, carpets, accessories, and so forth. It was quite exciting for all of them and they greatly looked forward to the excitement of these occasions. Once he took mother, leaving us in the care of Grandmother Johnson.

It is my recollection that early in 1938, my parents went to Chicago, and planned to visit Detroit to pick-up a new car. In those days, and in fact up until World War II, one could order a car through a local dealer and take delivery at the factory, saving freight charges and other expenses, which turned up enough money to largely pay for a mid-western vacation.

I remember my excitement when a brand new powder blue 1938 Dodge drew up to the curb in front of Grandma Johnson's house on their return to Provo, to pick up their three children.

One of the dramatic events of my life involved that car, probably a little later that same year that made a strong impression on dad as well, as he recorded in a fragment of his history "One of our biggest problems was that of mud every time it rained. I spent many hours of backbreaking toil gathering and placing large boulders, with the flat side up, around the house, serving as walks and a flagged area. Lawns were planted and gravel was spread to help the situation.

"A near tragedy occurred in connection with gathering the rocks. One July 24th morning at daybreak, John, my oldest son, who was about ten years old, went with me to scout for additional rocks. I had just purchased a beautiful new Dodge Sedan of which we were very proud.

"John and I rode up Rock Canyon to a site just below the weir. We were stopped by a deep wash about ten feet deep and 20' across. In order to turn around safely I got out of the car to check my position. I told John to stay in the car, but fortunately he climbed out, dogging my heels. As I looked up the canyon, John grabbed my leg and yelled. I turned just in time to see the rear of that beautiful new car, rise, rise, as the front plunged down to the bottom of the wash, then turn and come to rest on its side.

"I can still feel that sick sensation in my stomach as I scrambled down and removed the key from the ignition.

"We hurried home and got Henry up to see what our insurance status was. Fortunately we were covered by a reliable company and the car was repaired in first class condition."

Well, that's the event as my father recalled it. However, I was there too, and though only ten, certain details were burned into my mind, and they differ from dad's version in some particulars.

He had gone up Rock Canyon on other occasions to select and bring home large reasonably flat stones for the purposes he describes. When he stopped the car it wasn't that our course was blocked by the deep wash. Actually, the rough canyon road wound along in the same direction. We stopped at a convenient location vacant of scrub oak and other brush. The car was, at that point facing somewhat downhill and toward the gulley. Dad stopped the car, put it into reverse gear (as he thought), pulled on the emergency brake, and got out of the car to look around for some suitable stones.

It was very early and while light, the sun had not appeared over the high mountains behind Rock Canyon, so it was still quite chilly. I just decided to stay in the car. Dad disappeared behind some scrub oak some twenty yards or so behind the car.

I did not touch the gearshift, hand brake, or anything else, just sat there quietly. After a few moments I had the feeling that I should get out of the car. I hasten to say that I heard no voices, experienced no premonitions. It was not a panic situation at all. It was simply that I knew I should get out of the car, and I did.

I got out and shut the door, and as I did so, the car started moving forward, picking up speed, and went right over the edge, with the rear end "rising, rising," as dad says. While I could not see him, it is quite possible that he could see the car going into the wash. I do know that he heard the smash because the bottom and sides of that gully were filled with jagged rocks and boulders.

Dad came running from behind the scrub oak, his face as white as a sheet. I am surprised that dad says the car came to rest on its side, as I have a picture in my mind that the four wheels were uppermost. On that point though, his memory may be better than mine.

Within a few weeks the Dodge reentered our lives in a new guise—this time as a cream colored sedan, and it served us well for some years.

On many occasions in my early life and later I was spared injury or death when in perilous circumstances. These events came flooding into mind when I received my Patriarchal Blessing in 1948—almost exactly ten years later—and heard these words: "The Lord has seen your actions in the past, his eyes have been upon you and he has guided you thus far in your life, although you may not have realized that his hand has been your protector and your guide."

According to mother's biography, *Through a Lifetime*, "...three years after my third child was born, I contracted pneumonia." Lynn Anne, the third child was born in 1935, so mother's recollection is that she caught pneumonia in 1938, and it was a very bad case. This was before the development of the antibiotics we take for granted today. In an unconscious state she was placed in an oxygen tent from November 15 until the first of January 1939, hovering with her fate uncertain. Fortunately she recovered.

While mother was in the hospital we three children (Janice and Lynn Anne) were "farmed out," the girls to Grandma Johnson's and me to Grandma Taylor. Aside from concerns

about mother, I had a wonderful time, as I loved all my Taylor uncles and aunts. Dad must have lived at home, but he kept very close to his children, and he was responsible for giving me a very happy Christmas. I had long wanted a new bicycle and on Christmas morning there was a very large oblong cardboard box waiting for me at Grandma's home. I opened it with great excitement and found a gorgeous Schwinn bicycle, with balloon tires and the cross bars filled with a metal tank containing a battery-operated horn. Unlike the usual red or blue bikes, this one was black and cream which startled me because I'd never seen anything like it, but I soon loved it and have ever since favored that color combination. I was so pleased and grateful to dad ("Santa"). Even though it was a cold day, with snow on the ground I toured the entire neighborhood in high glee!

I should mention that on other occasions when mother was ill, or "delivering," and dad was responsible for feeding us it was apparent that his skills as a cook were very limited. Campbell's alphabet soup and burned toast were high on his list of culinary accomplishments. He loved burned toast and so do I to this very day.

Dad was afflicted with what was called in those days, "hay fever," and which was of course an allergic reaction to pollen or other air-borne allergens. This was seasonal and he really suffered during these bouts that turned into asthmatic attacks. We children all knew that at the worst times, he would sit-up most or all of the night in his favorite chair, resting, sleeping, reading or trying to.

Speaking of reading, later on dad subscribed to a monthly book club that specialized in so-called "murder mysteries," written by Ellery Queen and other popular writers of the day, and he greatly enjoyed relaxing and reading these. In my high school and college days I teased dad about his reading this fare, as I knew he was very well read in other literature. Guess what? In my later years I have read hundreds, maybe thousands of books of mystery, intrigue, adventure, murder, and greatly enjoyed them all. I apologize, dad!

My father was called to be the Bishop of the Pleasant View Ward at some point during World War II, and I remember his diligence in keeping in close touch with the boys in our ward that had been drafted, and with their families. While I have no specific memories of his performance as bishop I have no doubt that he was effective and greatly beloved by ward members, as that was his effect on people. One amusing and inexplicable anecdote survives. A youngster in our ward at that time named Rulon Cluff, now grown old like me, and until recently dwelling in the Oak Hills Stake, told me that when he was eleven, Bishop Taylor called him in and ordained him a deacon. Rulon is most positive about this event. We have no idea why this happened, for we know of no precedent for such an ordination short of age twelve. Dad must have had a reason but it is lost.

Dad was drafted into the Army just at the end of World War I, and received some basic training at the Presidio in California but was then discharged. A number of boys from Provo had a strong alliance and that later resulted in the formation of the Gold Bricker Social Unit on the BYU campus.

For many years Dad was affiliated with the American Legion, a society of veterans, and he was proud of his membership. Occasionally he would work on his marksmanship. At least

once he took me to some kind of firing range in the basement of a Provo building. For many years in a bottom drawer of the so-called "chefferobe" in our parent's bedroom, there were several clips of 30.06 rifle ammunition, long, sharply pointed wicked-looking bullets. Later during the war when ammo was scarce, with dad's permission I traded these clips for some 30.30 ammunition for a deer hunting expedition.

Dad also belonged to the Lions Club, a popular civic organization. When I was about fourteen he took me to a Fathers & Sons dinner at a country club south of Provo. I don't remember anything about the dinner, but after an excellent magician performed and he did some really astonishing tricks. I remember that each son was given an Eversharp (brand) pen and pencil set that I treasured for a long time.

At about that age Dad took me to a stake priesthood meeting, probably on a Saturday night. I vividly remember one speaker regaling us with the story of some good Mormon athletes taken to New York City for some award ceremonies. It seems that each young man was provided with a hostess, and in the case in point wine flowed and one boy succumbed to temptation. He contracted a sexually transmitted disease, which was then passed on to the girl he later married and to his first child. I shrank back in my seat in the horror of this story and for some reason felt great embarrassment, and all the way home hoped with all my might that dad would not allude to this story or follow up with his own lecture. To my relief he did not.

Perhaps I had some small allowance tied to the performance of my chores, such as filling the stoker with coal, and taking the clinkers out of the furnace, various yard work assignments and so forth, but if I did it was insufficient, so in the summers, like every other kid my age, I worked harvesting strawberries, picking cherries, etc., at farms in the mouth of Rock Canyon, or more usually out on the Provo Bench (Orem). In the summer of 1941 I had a short-term job working for a farmer with long rows of onions. I was assigned to removing the little weeds from among the onions. The rows seemed to be about a mile long, and at the end of the row I'd earned one dollar. It was tedious and backbreaking work; I hated it! After a few days of this I'd had enough as an "agricultural laborer," and went to my father: "Oh daddy, please get me out of the onions!"

He took me to his older brother, Arthur D., Manager of Dixon Taylor Russell Company, who interviewed me and hired me to work in the upholstering shop for a trifling hourly wage. I'd have taken any amount. This proved to be a very great blessing to me in so very many ways, a story I shall tell some other day, perhaps, and I am profoundly grateful for a father that recognized my anguish and indeed took me out of the onions!

I got my Social Security card at the age of thirteen and worked for DTR every day after school and on Saturdays, and all summer. All told I worked for that company for a total of 11 years, and rose to the magnificent hourly wage of \$1.00. Apart from the criminally low "salary" (though absolutely typical for the time) it was the best job I ever had!

I'll mention one fun annual event, the employee Christmas Party. An exciting feature of the evening program was when Arthur D. emptied a large sack of brand new silver dollars on a big table. In turn each employee was invited to come forth and receive one silver dollar for each year of employment. Some long timers took away a weighty stack!

My interest in advertising and commercial art continued through high school and in summer classes at BYU and at the Utah Valley Vocational School (precursor to Utah Valley University), and from about the age of seventeen this led to my father's gradually working me out of the upholstering shop and into handling all of DTR's show cards, silk screen truck and banner production, newspaper ads, etc.

Dad taught me many hard lessons, including one I shall never forget. It had to do with a co-op contract we had with the manufacturer of some line of home furnishings we handled. This sort of arrangement was very common at the time; if we ran so many lines of newspaper advertising and provided the newspaper proofs to the manufacturer, he would rebate a certain amount of the total cost. I was maintaining the files and dad asked me to locate a certain contract or document, and I told him it was not in the file. He insisted it was and I insisted it was not. He trotted me to the file and found the article he wanted. I was highly embarrassed. Our father was a very stubborn and usually accurate person and on this and other occasions I tried to learn to be more thorough before painting myself into a corner.

Dad had a most interesting office at DTR, and I greatly enjoyed visiting with him there from time-to-time. There was always evidence of his on-going projects or business. There were always his ever present drawing board and T-square, plastic triangles, etc. I'd always meet him there after work so we could go home together, except when I had my own transportation.

One time when he was at market I dropped in to his office to check mail, which at that time always came to the store; the Post Office did not deliver mail up on the hill. The telephone rang and I answered. On the other end was a very angry woman: "Where is Lynn Taylor?" I answered that he was in Chicago, and at that she *really* blew a fuse. It seems that she had engaged him to speak at a gathering of women, and he had agreed. The women were gathered and he was not. Somehow he'd not got it on his calendar, and there we were. I made some sort of apology, but obviously nothing I was able to say ameliorated the situation in the least degree. Hmm, I wonder how dad dealt with that on his return?

On another note, our father's family and genetic background did not permit him to be very demonstrative, at least with his children. I never at any time recall my father telling me that he loved me. Yet, I knew he did, and somehow did not expect any verbal evidence. On one occasion, at DTR's down in the drapery department, I overheard him talking to someone, I don't recall who, and to my surprise heard him tell this person how proud he was of me. I did not let on that I heard, for at that point in my life I too was about as demonstrative as a cedar post, but it made me very happy to know of his feelings.

For the most part my father was very reasonable and very easy to work with— up to a point. I remember late one summer night I was out with my friends. I think we'd been swimming at the Saratoga Resort and were somehow out in the Lehi Area, which then was a long way from Provo on old Highway 89. Whosoever car we had broke down and we were stranded, and it was late at night but we were not worried and had some plan of action. I telephoned dad, woke him up, and the conversation went something like this: "Dad, George and Richard and John and I are in Lehi; the car is broken down but we are okay and I probably won't be home till morning. Don't worry." His reply: "Okay. Be careful. Thanks for calling." I thought: "What a great dad!" I had his trust.

On another summer evening I was working with him in our "Victory Garden." I got a call from a friend urging me to join a group going to Saratoga. George Collard was driving his dad's new car with a large group of my classmates. I pled my case to no avail. Dad was intransigent; I had to stay with weeding the garden or whatever. I was very cross about this. Later in the night I heard to my dismay that George, way out in the boonies had sped down a country road, which dead-ended and rolled his car, spilling nine of my classmates out into a pasture. No one was killed, but some went to the hospital. I was rather glad I'd not been the tenth person in the car!

One incident stands out in my mind that is not so flattering to dad, the memory of which event still rankles. Beginning at about age 16, with dad's help I was able to buy a succession of old cars; such as a 1933 Plymouth, a 1931 Model A Roadster, providing erratic transportation (war-time gas-rationing, the shortage of rubber for tires, mechanical breakdowns). I don't recall the circumstances, but on this occasion I did not have transportation and wanted to borrow the family car, of which we only had one. I had a date with the beauteous Joan Tuttle for a dance at the ballroom in BYU's new Joseph Smith Building. Joan lived on Third South in Provo. Dad would not agree to let me use the car though I don't think my parents were going to use the car that evening. I pled my case to no avail. I could not then, or even now understand why he would not let me borrow the car. The upshot was that I had to walk from our home on the hill to Joan's home on Third South Street, a distance of more than three miles, then walk back with her to BYU's upper campus, dance for a couple of hours, then walk her back to Third South, then I had to walk home. All told, not counting time on the dance floor, Tuttle had to walk four miles and I had to walk ten! (It was worth it!).

Dad was a fastidious dresser. Catherine has commented many times on her memory that dad took care of his clothes and always looked very neat and trim. He had a friend, Gene Hoover, who owned the finest men's clothing store in Provo, and I believe dad purchased all his suits there. Hoover's had the best clothing brand names, such as Kuppenheimer suits and Florsheim shoes. Later on I purchased some of my clothing there, but seldom the really expensive stuff, as I did not have the means.

When the time came for my mission to The Union of South Africa, Dad took me over to Taylor Brothers Department Store, across the street from Dixon Taylor Russell Company, to buy a couple of suits, shirts, shoes, and so forth. Taylor's had some good lines, and I got some suits I was proud of. He saw to it that I was properly outfitted.

In those days men wore fedora hats (a soft felt hat with a curved brim and crown creased lengthwise). Dad had a few such stylish hats, as did all men of his generation. My missionary specs required me to add one to my "accouterment" and I took one with me to Africa, but never wore it once, as I recall.

This is a good place to express my admiration for dad and mother's generosity to me while on my mission, though I know their means were limited. I was reasonable frugal, and lived within my missionary allowance, but there were times! I needed/wanted a new camera, and the funds came. I had an opportunity (as did all the missionaries) to buy a diamond at an

excellent price. Monies were provided, though I believe mother sacrificed a winter coat. At the end of my mission I saw the chance to come home via the east coast of Africa, the Sudan, Egypt, Italy, and England. The funds (though not exorbitant) were provided. This was a great adventure I hope to record elsewhere some day. I traveled from Liverpool to New York City on the famous Queen Mary!

Dad's love for his canyon home was extraordinary. Taking the long view, the vision he had while a young man was developing over many years and came to full fruition by the end of his life. As reported elsewhere he was instrumental in gathering a group of friends and inducing them to purchase property from the Stewart Family so that the "Brickerhaven Country Club" could be established. He began to stockpile huge pine beams and other lumber well before he began construction of his cabin in 1939.

Dad was bishop of the Pleasant View Ward when the family of Angus Wall moved to Provo from Colonia Dublan, Chihuahua, Mexico in the late thirties. They were impoverished members who wanted to locate in our ward. I don't know how it came about but they zeroed in on the old Muhlestein home on the bench near the Leichty family. This house had been unoccupied and abandoned for many years. It had neither electrical service nor running water. Angus was a self-described "rough carpenter," and with the help of Bishop Taylor and other ward members and no doubt the Leichty Family, moved into this old home and somehow made it habitable. The family consisted of Angus, his wife, and Helena, Roy, Frank, LaMar, John, David, and a younger sister, Reva Mae. They were good, solid folk, and the boys were among my best friends on the hill.

In 1939, Dad hired Angus and his boys to build our cabin in Brickerhaven. This was a great break for Angus who had no job, and for dad too as it provided him with the help he needed at an affordable price. I regret that I have very little memory of this construction, but looking at the results show it was a prodigious undertaking. Dad designed the cabin, and it is constructed using eight-inch timbers for the beams and posts. How these were lifted into place I cannot imagine. Incidentally, In the about 75 years since these pine timbers were sawn they have become about as impenetrable as iron. The untold story of the excavation of the site from the mountain, the stonework, as well as the construction would have been fascinating, but all those who could have told of it are long dead.

When we moved in that first summer, we were pioneers; no electricity, no inside plumbing. We used coal oil, and Coleman (gas) lanterns for light, we had an outhouse at the end of a long trail on the hill above the cabin, and we dipped water out of the creek to drink or to use in cooking. Shutters were installed over the windows to enclose the cabin in the winter. One onerous job was done every summer, wiping down the outside walls of the cabin with linseed oil to help preserve the wood.

As the years went by, dad capped springs, piped water to our cabin, installed a toilet, and a rough shower, brought in electricity as other cabins were built, installed a water-heater, and gradually increased our comfort level. This little home was not insulated in any way so our fireplace was in constant use to provide a little warmth as the early mornings and early evenings were chilly, if not cold even in the summer.

Dad's artistic touches are evident throughout the cabin that he designed from start to finish. These are very evident from the rope-hung shelf dividing the main living area, to the very nice treatment of the stairway handrails. One of his most impressive achievements was the lining of the interior of the cabin, which has not done much in the way of insulation, but greatly added to its beauty. How he got this idea I don't know, but he obtained a large quantity of the slabs that are sawn off the sides of logs to make them square. He peeled the bark off these to reveal the solid wood beneath. Then he spent nearly all of his spare time over several summers cutting, trimming, and fitting these slabs in a most attractive chevron pattern over nearly all of the vertical walls of the cabin. This represents a prodigious amount of work. The results have grown more impressive with the passing years as the slabs have darkened with age and the contrast of the wood with the patches of the remaining bark underlayment is very handsome. This lengthy project testifies of his dogged determination.

Dad was immensely strong. I vividly recall many occasions when I would be helping him with various projects including lifting big rocks or hoisting five-gallon buckets filled with concrete. My arms would be tired beyond belief, but dad would still be soldiering on encouraging me to just "hang on for a little longer."

Several times he pulled me out of the upholstering shop at DTR to work on some project in Brickerhaven. Once he needed a pipe installed from a spring across the "flat" or meadow to our cabin, and I was to dig the trench. What an unsatisfying job that was! The meadow, under a light covering of soil was all rocks. I labored for two weeks on that 200 foot-long trench, and it seemed to me at the end that I had a little six inch deep trench and piled all along its length were huge rocks. Another time two stone pillars were to be built on each side of the dirt road to accommodate a gate blocking the entrance to Brickerhaven. I was to assist Mr. Gibson (a rock mason who'd built the fireplace and chimney at our cabin years before). This was a revelation to me. We started with a huge pile of big rocks of no particular shape. Mr. Gibson, who as I recall had one bad eye, would take a rock in his experienced hand and using some arcane magic would put it into place in the pillar, and lo and behold as the sides of the pillar grew they would be perfectly vertical!

Dad burnt up a lot of wood in the cabin's kitchen stove and fireplace and it was a constant chore to keep ahead of the need. Fortunately the area surrounding the cabin was filled with old dead aspen or pine trees, and with a little effort they could be snaked out and brought to a pair of sawhorses and cut into smaller logs and split. It seems like dad was always out there sawing or chopping, and of course, he needed help. One time when I was in college he hired a kid I knew, Kent Prestwich, and Kent and I cut and sawed up a lot of logs one day. Kent went into business as a Kentucky Fried Chicken franchisee, and highly successful, was drafted into the KFC corporate structure as executive vice president back in Kentucky. I saw him there when I lived in Cincinnati.

In the many years of our cabin's life, there has been a lot of deterioration: moisture seeping through the wall backed into the hill-side, the settling of the foundation, dry-rot, the action of carpenter ants, deteriorating mortar in the chimney and the resulting loss of stone, the loss of use of the fireplace for various reasons, and a host of other problems. Lynn and Celestia's children have spent a great deal of money and effort to keep ahead of entropy, to

keep this old place going, which is so beloved by them and by their children and grandchildren. However, the inevitable day will come when we shall have to shed ourselves of it. Meanwhile, we think dad would approve of the many, many changes and improvements we have effected in the fabric of the cabin, and the many amenities we have provided that make living up here so pleasant. Having said that, I might add that while I am typing this memoir at the cabin I am waiting for an operator from Buffo's to come up and provide treatment for carpenter ants working in the kitchen ceiling, and for an electrician to deal with the power failure in the east end of the cabin. And so it goes!

In August of 1952 I was drafted into the Army in the height of the Korean Engagement and assigned to the Signal Corp. After an eventful, almost two years concluding at SHAPE (Supreme Headquarters Allied Powers in Europe) in Paris, France, I was returned home in a troop ship and discharged at Camp Carson, Colorado. I don't recall how this came about, but dad asked me to fly from Camp Carson to Flint, Michigan, to take delivery of a new Chevrolet station wagon he'd purchased from a dealer in Provo. This seemed like an exciting conclusion to my two years away from home, and I was most happy with the prospect. The car was a very nice one and fully equipped, except that it did not have a radio. In anticipation of this long trip west, I encouraged dad to include a radio in his purchase, as I thought it would enhance the family's enjoyment of this new car. On this point however he was very firm. I believe it was a financial concern. He'd stretched as far as he could, and was not willing or able to invest one more dollar, even though the cost of adding a radio was minimal in comparison to the total cost.

So I picked up the car and it was a beauty, red and cream in color, and sped west. This was in the day before our super expressways crossed the continent, and I was driving on a succession of country roads and whatever passed for major highways in those days. After being under Army control for two years my blessed freedom was liberating, and the prospects of returning to school exciting. On the other hand, the trip west occupying several days was very tiring in one respect. Driving all that distance without a radio was really difficult. I told myself all the stories, I recited all the poetry, I sang all the songs, I told all the jokes, and I recounted all my adventures, and all that took care of the *first* hour! What a drag!

Talking of automobiles takes me back to several other family cars. After the Dodge discussed earlier, Dad purchased a 1939 Studebaker Commander from his mother's family. It had several refinements that were unusual in that day, including a freewheeling feature, and an "overdrive" that in effect added another forward gear. This was our family car throughout the days of World War II. After the war dad was prevailed upon (and I had a strong hand in this) to buy another Studebaker, this time a 1948 Commander. This was a gorgeous car, and I remember how proud I was to take it out to show my friends. There was an unusual event involving this car, which had a one thousand mile warranty on the engine. Dad was driving this car, I think between Provo and Heber when the engine overheated and burned out at about 1010 miles! The dealer honored the guarantee and a new engine was installed. Not too many years later, after dad acquired the Chevy station wagon, I purchased the Studebaker from him at a friendly price and drove it until a few months before leaving for New York to attend graduate school, at which time I sold it to my cousin Douglas Dixon.

I really enjoyed our family's association with Dixon Taylor Russell Company. It was a well known and well thought of business in Central Utah (at one time having seven branch stores). Frankly, we all felt it gave us a certain status in the community. I really loved working at DTR, and loved all I learned there in my "trade" as an upholsterer, and later in working in the store's advertising functions. I had a great deal of freedom, and with certain limitations real autonomy to come and go at will, and to work the hours most convenient to me. My father was a wonderful and understanding boss. In that regard, as I have said, I never had a job I loved more.

Most people have never understood how and why in the 1960's, the Company folded-up, liquidated, and went out of business. Nor do I completely. Henry Dixon Taylor, Jr. (Hank) a favorite cousin and astute businessman, and I have often discussed this. He observed that in business practices the store was au courant, and its operating systems impeccable (except for improbably high accounts receivable). Among major contributing factors, it seems to me, was that the company could not compete in the new cut-throat age; the store could not survive its culture as "The One Price House." Another is that a large number of key employees had grown up and aged in the business—from cradle to grave—and when they got to retirement age they looked behind and there was no one following. There was no provision at any time to develop a successive management structure. Sons who might have been future contributors ran off to other careers, or to work for other companies.

Moreover, working for DTR was not likely to lead to much material wealth. All the sons of the principal founder, Arthur Nicholls Taylor, lived on salaries that were modest indeed. Had not most of the sons got involved in some ancillary sources of income such as life insurance, real estate (e.g. Bonneville Development Corporation) aside from their DTR salaries, their lives would have been economically uncomfortable. It is interesting to note that of all the sons, the one leaving behind the largest estate was the unmarried Clarence, who probably received the lowest salary of all, but whose financial life was a remarkable combination of frugality, and sagacious and conservative investment.

And now I am nearing the end of my recollections of dad. I could write many more reminiscences, but where to stop? And I am sure that long after I write the last few words I will remember other tender occasions and wish with regret that I'd included them.

Dad and mother came back to visit us in Cincinnati at least two or three times, once when we'd moved into our beautiful new home in Kenwood on Westover Circle. After many months of having a living and dining room with plywood floors (our then two sons rode their bicycles in mad races round and round) in the house, we'd finally been able to afford to lay down a fine carpet called "Rustic Corduroy." We were happy to have dad visit there and consult with us about drapery. He was pleased to note that my exposure to drapery installation at DTR made me competent to hang the drapes, made for us back in Provo.

It was very fun for me to take mother and dad to downtown Cincinnati and to take them around to show them Procter & Gamble, my favorite eating places and other haunts such as Acres of Books, where I acquired so many books over the years. While walking around we were hit hard by Cincinnati's famous thunder and a drenching, frog-strangling rainstorm.

Remembering with nostalgia, trips with dad to the Provo Bench to dig up trees to transplant to our yard on the hill (one that became our giant poplar, for example), I got him to drive out with me to one of Cincinnati's eastern suburbs) where we dug up—probably a maple tree—and brought it back to my yard, and plopped it into a new hole. Later one of our close neighbors asked Catherine who that young man was that had been helping me in the yard. Dad at 65 or whatever age he was at that time had the slim figure of a boy. Regretfully, the tree did not survive the transplant and died, and so did Dad.

Not too many years later mother and dad made an automobile journey to New York to visit Harold and Violet, and of course Cincinnati was one of their stops. On this occasion I was able to perceive, with great sorrow that my father was beginning to show his age; his mental acuity was, very slightly, not what it had been. My first realization of this was finding that he had set forth on this trip without having his car thoroughly checked. I found that his brakes were in desperately bad condition. I immediately took him and the car to a shop to have the brakes repaired. I don't remember if the brake pads were worn out or whether the hydraulic system was shot. Maybe the former, certainly the latter. Perhaps both. I was extremely worried when they set off for the next leg of their journey. However, they made the trip to New York and back to Provo successfully.

In 1967, Catherine and I and John and Tom were travelling the 1,700 miles to Utah for our summer vacation. We had with us a pure bred female Shetland Sheepdog puppy, "Laddie." The puppy seemed to be ill.

Our pattern was to leave late on Friday afternoon, drive about 300 miles to Des Moines, Iowa, drive 1,000 miles to Cheyenne, Wyoming on Saturday, and drive the remaining 400 miles to Salt Lake City on Sunday. On this occasion we were staying for the night at Little America. In the middle of the night so it seemed we got a call from my ingenious sister Kathryn. How she tracked us down I do not know, though I suppose she must have found us by calling Catherine's mother, Helen Pearson in Salt Lake City. Kathryn reported that our father had had a heart attack and was in the hospital. Now here I must express a profound regret, for I did not immediately pack up and leave for Provo, not sensing the immediacy of the situation. Our departure was not leisurely, but I believe we got some breakfast and set forth as fast as we thought reasonable. We reached Provo too late to be with dad before he died. The thought of this makes me very sad to this day.

Lynn Dixon Taylor's viewing at the Berg Mortuary was astonishment, as I never remember seeing so many people. Dad was extremely well known and liked. He had a myriad of relatives and friends. His funeral was very appropriate and very touching. Everyone in the family should read Ralph "Buddy" Keeler's tribute: "In Memory of Lynn D. Taylor," for an intimate review of dad's life. Keeler was his close and lifelong friend.

This funeral week was a tragic one for us. Not only did I lose my father with whom I had hoped to grow even closer in our later years, but also my dear Aunt Alta (Henry D. Taylor's wife) died the day of dad' funeral. Also our puppy had to be put to sleep having been diagnosed with some form of canine meningitis.

In wrapping up this memoir I want to mention “communications” During my dad’s lifetime telegrams were pretty much the mode for delivering bad news. Long distance telephone calls were expensive, and reserved for unusual and special occasions. Letters and postcards were de rigueur for family communications. For the most part Mothers wrote letters and postcards to children, fathers typically wrote once a year or when there was a very unusual situation. What I am trying to say is that dad wrote a postcard if he was on a trip to market, or if mother had a broken arm, and so forth. It was not often I had a letter from dad. Mother would keep us posted on dad’s doings, or relay messages from him when necessary.

Over the last 19 years of dad’s life, I was on my mission for two years, in the Army for the better part of two years, and away at graduate school or working for P&G for 12 years. Summer vacations were precious and I highly valued the time I got to spend with dad. Who can forget the summer up the canyon, when in one week together we made six, six quart batches of homemade freezer pineapple ice cream.....and there were plenty of family members about to partake of it!

I contrast this limited exposure to that with my sons, John Jr., Tom, and David. With the advent of the Internet and the development of email, there is hardly a day when messages are not sent among the four of us. Typically when one sends a message, it goes to all four of us. We all feel highly involved in one another’s lives, and I know in detail what my sons are thinking and doing, and they know the same of me. It is difficult to maintain an austere or dignified demeanor when one’s foibles are constantly on display. So I have gladly sacrificed dignity for intimacy. It’s a worthwhile tradeoff.

Meanwhile, I think of my father often, with love and affection, and look forward to another place, when perhaps as equals, we shall have a time to get to know one another better. There is a scripture covering this: *“And it shall come to pass, when thy days be expired that thou must go to be with thy fathers....”* (I Chronicles 17:11). Perhaps at that time I can ask his forgiveness for my youthful follies...and he can tell me why he would not let me borrow the car!

John Arthur Taylor
July 1, 2010
Brickerhaven & Provo

MEMORIES OF DAD

Janice Taylor DeGraw

I was the second child of Lynn Dixon Taylor, who was the second child of his family, and of Celestia Johnson Taylor, who was the second child of her family. If this has any significance I don't know, but it just struck me that this is so and it impressed me as I have heard rumors that the second child in a family is often the most difficult. Maybe this could explain why, during periods of my life, I had conflicts with Dad. Also, my being the oldest daughter in the family could have had some bearing on our difficulties. I think Dad felt a strong responsibility for his first daughter and was often harder on me than on John or the younger members of the family. Maybe I paved the way for the others.

Dad could be very stubborn and I was always in awe of authority. I remember what a struggle it was for me to get to take the car and do many things I wanted to do. Dad, having lived through the depression years, was very frugal. I remember asking him if I could have a second pair of shoes and he told me I had one perfectly good pair and that was all I needed. That was when I decided I'd better get a job if I was to have some of the things I felt I needed.

I do have a recollection of a loving Father. When I was very small I remember sitting on his lap. Dad loved being at home and some of the pleasantest evenings I can recall were sitting together in front of a crackling fire, everyone with a book and a nice, crisp apple or a dish of peanuts and raisins. We learned very early to appreciate good music as Dad and Mother had a good collection of classical records. Art was important in our family also as Dad was a talented artist.

We used to all climb in our car after Sunday School and go for a ride. Dad took us on all the beautiful scenic rides there were, up into the mountains, around the lake, to see the leaves in Autumn. I well remember going to Duchesne gathering pine nuts a few times. We would drive along enjoying the scenery and listening to beautiful music on the car radio. We continued this, until about my tenth year when Dad built a cabin up Provo Canyon, a little below Aspen Grove.

About the time I was a year old, Dad and Uncle Henry decided to build on the foothills above Provo. Everyone told them that they were out of their minds for moving way out in the "sticks." The nearest neighbor was a farmer and his family, Ephraim Lietchty. The Lietchty's lived on another hill directly above us. The Wasatch Fault ran between the two houses and was known to us as the "hollow." The town of Provo was about three and one-half miles from our home. The "hill" was a wonderful place for us to grow up. We had freedom known to very few. We all acquired a deep appreciation for nature. We had a gorgeous view of the valley and Utah Lake from one window, a spectacular view of Timpanogos Mountain from another, and from the kitchen could see Rock Canyon and Squaw Peak. Dad had our home built from materials salvaged from a lakeside resort that used to belong to his father. When we first moved to "Taylor's Hill", it looked like nothing more than a huge rock pile. Ephraim Lietchty told Dad that was where he dumped his rocks from his fields. There were absolutely no trees. There were a few beautiful oak bushes and the wild flowers abounding made up for the lack of trees to us.

Dad planted many box elders, poplars and a weeping willow around the house. Our growing family grew with the trees and used them for climbing, swinging and other games, until in 1966, Dad had to cut the poplar down as it was in danger of falling on the house. It had reached an immense size. The weeping willow was taken down some years earlier. Also in 1966 some of the elms were taken. We, children were at home for Christmas at the time, stood around and mourned the loss of our old "friends."

Winter was a wonderful time for us. The hills were perfect for sleigh riding. The road that ran around our house and down the hill couldn't have been better for getting up speed. Sometimes we would keep going almost to town. Often we would coincide our ride with Dad's arrival home, so he could bring us up the hill and save the walk.

I used to complain a lot about stomach aches. Dad thought they were an excuse to miss school, but I showed him different. Dad was home for lunch listening to Arthur Gaeth or a baseball game on the radio and I was in real pain, doubled up. Dad didn't think it was much, but Mother insisted on calling the doctor. He came, then called another doctor who also came (doctors came to your house in those days) and they rushed me immediately to the hospital where I had my appendix removed. Dad watched the operation and said I had so many adhesions that they could hardly get to my appendix. These had been what had been causing my stomach aches.

Dad didn't write many letters to me. Mother always did the writing, but I treasure the few things I got from him. He sent me a post card from the Chicago World's Fair. I was only four years old.

June 21, 1935 -Dear Honey Janice,

We miss you an awfully lot. Daddy saw a little curly haired Negro girl in Kansas city, taking a swim and it reminded him of you. We'll tell you all about it when we get home. We are having a grand time but miss you kids like the dickens. Love and kisses, Mother and Daddy

Because of living so far away, we learned to be prompt. Dad would tell us he would pick us up at a certain place in town. We found if we were a minute late we would walk home. I am always so prompt as a result of this, that I'm usually the first one any place I go.

Dad and his brothers owned and managed Dixon Taylor Russell Company, which had its main store in Provo and seven others throughout the state. Dad handles the advertising for the stores and was also an interior decorator for them. Dixon Taylor Russell, besides earning us a living, played a big part in all of our lives. It was practically a second home. We often spent an hour or two waiting there for Dad to take us home when he got off work at 6 p.m. All of us had our turn working there also. We were as familiar with the Drapery Departments, the Linoleum Department, Upholstering Department, Appliance Department, sewing Department and so forth as with our own home. Whenever there was a parade in town all of the Taylor clan gathered on the second floor and watched from the windows all along the front of the building.

I remember one time when I was recovering from an illness, I was working in the credit department. I had a very weird, uneasy feeling come over me. I went to Dad's office and he helped me to work out of it.

When I was in high school, each afternoon after school, I would go over to DTR's where I worked. I took dictation in the Credit Department, and called people who had overdue bills. I also ran the switchboard. I continued this work all through high school and college until my marriage. Being a family store, the wages were terrible, 25 cents an hour, but Dad kept telling me to look at the good experience I was getting.

At Brigham Young University, I enjoyed the lyceums and programs. This interest came from early youth, as Dad and Mother used to take me with them to the tabernacle in Provo to many of the programs there and I learned to love them.

In college, I followed on with my interests in speech and journalism. I really couldn't pursue them as much as I would have liked because I had to go to work each afternoon at DTR's as soon as I was through with class work and this didn't leave any time for participation in plays or on the newspaper staff. I often envied the girls who could attend mat dances or pep club rehearsals after school as I hurried off to work. I realized later that if I had been more determined with Dad, I could have done those things. Lynn Anne pointedly said, "If I have to work and not participate in what I want, I won't go to college." Of course, she didn't have to work.

Mother wrote me letter while I was at Grand Canyon working,

Quote: "Sometimes I have felt that Daddy and I have not been able to help you as much as we would have liked and have left you to make your own way financially. I do know that this experience has been good for you and will prove of great value to you all your life but still there have been many times when I would have loved to buy you things or have it so that you would not need to work so hard while you were in school. I'm afraid some others in our family will not be quite as capable or willing although there is no one of our children who would not do their share when necessary."

Dad seemed to relax with me after I married. I guess he didn't feel so responsible any more for me. He was wonderful to help me choose announcements and other details. He said, "It would be much simpler if the other two girls were to elope." He wrote and presented a talk to one of their groups as the father of the bride.

THE FATHER OF THE BRIDE

Lynn D. Taylor

Due to the state of nervous collapse I've been suffering the past few days, I've tried to jot down some of the wanderings of a disordered mind and report them to you tonight --I'll have to read them or you'll never guess what it's all about.

As the recent "Father of a Bride," I feel almost as bad about this marriage business as the colored gal who was going thru labor pains at the hospital and who --after a very severe spasm -- called the nurse and said, "Look out the window and see if there's a colored boy sitting on the lawn." The nurse looked and sure enough he was there. "Will you please run out and tell him our engagement is Pos-i-tively terminated."

For the past three weeks now I've been experiencing the joys involved in getting my first daughter married off. I'm convinced that the merits of so-called "shot-gun" weddings are grossly underestimated. I can demonstrate the state of my mental deterioration by telling you that Phyllis (Allen) called me Tuesday, two days before the wedding and asked me to make these remarks -- and it wasn't until the next day that I realized I had let her get away with it.

And yesterday morning we got up at 5 o'clock to plow through the smog to get to the Salt Lake Temple by 8 o'clock. We stood in line to get Names and after I'd worked my way up to the desk, the sister said, "Brother You're in the wrong line --this is for ladies only."

For a month now I've been the forgotten man around our place. Even Rusty our friendly female dog shuns me. The only time my women folks think of me is when it is time to pick up the check. Someone truly remarked that "marriage is an ocean of emotion surrounded by an Expanse of Expense." The girls get the emotion and father gets the expense."

Someone else said that marriage teaches a man the virtues of Constancy, Regularity, Thrift, Sobriety -- and many others he wouldn't need if he stayed single.

I try to think back to the time when Cess and I were married. It's awfully hard because I was numb for weeks before and after the ceremony. It seems to me that Cess didn't get half the kick out of it she's getting out of our daughter's wedding. In fact one would think this was her wedding rather than Janice's. She has dragged in every 'alleged' propriety that the bride should do--than the Mother of the bride, the groom, the bridesmaids, the parents of the groom, the best man, the ushers, the flower girls, and on and on to nauseating infinity -- oh yes, the Father of the bride is also to be present to take care of any minor expenses that might arise.

And this after I've reached an age of discretion when I've begun to wonder if sin is worth what it costs.

I think our little daughter, Kathryn, had the idea when her mother was reading to her and came across the expression "Blood, Sweat and Tears." "Do you know what that means?" she asked Kathy who promptly replied -- "Yes sure, it's from the marriage rites isn't it?"

Well, they tell me our wedding is over and that I can now settle back down into my rut of comfortable obscurity. But, how can I do that with every mail bringing me in bills --and bills-- and bills! - And that's not all --my wife just told me about Santa Claus. Oh. Me!

Without further prolonging my lament ---One last word to you proud but vulnerable fathers of daughters --When you see that glint in her eye --and you'll recognize it --just get her and the chosen boy-friend in a corner when her mother's not around --and give them your blessing, a comfortable check and first class tickets to Europe --Yep, --Even pay for the marriage license --but get them on their way before Mother gets into the act! It'll really pay dividends.

Janice:

Dad came into our room before Monte and I left for Memphis and told us that we were to feel that this was our home and we were welcome here anytime we wished to come. We really appreciated that. We took advantage of it too, as we spent many summers later on there.

He wrote us a letter again stressing this attitude:

Sept 7, 1965

Dear Janice:

I was nonplussed to find your note on my desk and my first impulse was to return the money immediately. After debating the question with your mother I suppose I'll have to follow her orders.

I want you to know that you, Monte and the kids are our family as much as your mother, I or any of our other kids are, and we don't want you to think you have to pay for anything you get around here.

This is your home and we want you to so consider it at any time. We enjoyed your family so much and want you to come and stay with us as long and often as you are able, with no strings attached.

We hope you had a pleasant trip home. We all stayed at the airport until your plane was airborne. Please give our love to all (my personal regards to the "Oiseau") and take care of yourselves. We hope to see you soon.

Love, Dad

When I was ten, Dad built a cabin up in Brickerhaven. He had belonged to the Bricker Social Unit at BYU and the charter members of the unit purchased this land and called it "Brickerhaven." Dad, being the pioneer that he was, built the first cabin up there. Our summers were from then on spent there. It was a peaceful, secluded spot with an ice cold creek running at the side of the cabin. It was so completely surrounded by pines and aspen's that it couldn't be seen from the road. There was a beautiful waterfall about two miles up the

canyon and we often hiked up to it. Every summer Dad hiked up to the waterfall and then over the mountain to Aspen Grove and down the canyon to the cabin again with us.

Christmas was extra special around our house. We always go at least one special present. On my 18th birthday, I received beautiful Elgin watch. This was a tradition in the family stemming back to Dad's youth, when his own parents gave their children a watch on their 18th birthdays. Another year I got a Lane Cedar Chest. I also remember a beautiful doll for my bed that Dad got for me at DTR.

New years Day was a very special day for Dad and Mother. They invited their best friends in, often 30 in number, to spend the whole day. They came for breakfast and stayed, playing games, watching TV, or before TV, listening to games on the radio and then had dinner. Mother told me that the New Year before Dad died she almost decided not to have their annual party, but it meant so much to them they went ahead with it. Mother was so glad they did as it was the last one they could have.

Another very special day for Dad and Mother was the Fourth of July. The entire Lynn D. Taylor Family, plus many of Mother's family would get together at the cabin after the parade in Provo and had a scrumptious lunch - Mother's baked beans, turkey, potato salad, Mother's homemade pineapple ice cream and much, much more. Dad died on the Second of July, 1967. Mother went ahead and had the family up the canyon on the Fourth of July as per tradition. (Even before his funeral) She said Dad would have wanted that. It was so important to her and we continue to try to carry on the tradition to this day.

I was baptized on March 26, 1939 by Uncle Henry D. Taylor and confirmed on April 2, 1939 by my father, who was bishop of our ward - Pleasant View Ward at the time. Dad was bishop when I graduated from Primary also. I have heard many people say what a wonderful bishop Dad was. He was Ward Clerk for many years also. I remember Dad as being a person who did not seek for position. He loved to be at home.

We always had pets around. Dad had a great dislike for cats because of an experience with one when he was younger, and also because they killed the birds, so we had very few cats around. We did have a couple though as Lynn Anne was always bringing home a stray cat she would find on the way home from school. We had several dogs, Jerry, Gypsy, Jip, Poogie, Skippy and Rusty. I named most of my pets and dolls, Mary or Ann, as these two names were favorites of mine. When Dad and Mother were going to name Lynn Anne just Lynn, I suggested Lynn Anne. Uncle Henry and Uncle Bud called me Mary Janice all of the time. Dad called me Janney.

When I was in high school, I was introduced to a boy from Lincoln High school by a friend of John's. That began a series of dates I had with him. He had a reputation that was not too good, and Dad heard about it and forbade me to date him again. This was the only boy Dad ever objected to in my dating history. This boy had always behaved himself very correctly whenever we were together, which let me to believe that fellows treat girls the way they wish to be treated. After Dad's ultimatum, I began to refuse to go with him.

During the summer of 1947, I took a bus to Los Angeles and helped with Aunt Maurine and Uncle Kent when they had Wendy. Toward the end of the summer I took a bus up to San

Francisco to meet Dad and Mother who had come there on a business trip. Aunt Ethel and Uncle Elton were also there. Mother, Dad and I were supposed to have a hotel room to ourselves, but a mistake had been made and we had to sleep in a suite with a few other men from DTR's. Mother and I slept on the floor in the kitchen. It was really unfortunate as Mother had a miscarriage while we were there in the night and the poor woman hardly had any privacy at all. Luckily, Uncle Fred Kartchner was also in San Francisco at the time and came to check on her. He felt she was well enough to continue on our trip.

Also while in San Francisco, Dad took me with him and a business contract to dinner at a swank restaurant. They told me I could order anything I wanted, so I decided to try something exotic, new to me and expensive. I ordered Lobster Newburg, which I later found out I didn't like at all. I ate it though without a word, because I didn't want the others to know how foolish and ungrateful I felt.

Then Mother, Dad and I started our trip back. We went down the coast on Highway 1, which is absolutely beautiful. We stopped at the redwood forest and even Mother walked along the shadowed aisles with us. We stayed overnight at a lovely little cottage in Monterey. I remember waking up in the morning to the song of birds and a brilliant sunshine and thinking what a heavenly place that was. We went along the seven mile drive in Carmel and over to San Luis Obispo and through the mission there. Dad always was fun to travel with as he knew so much about everything and every place. He told us about the Hearst castle and pointed out the location to us. This was while it was still being lived in.

We spent a few days with Kent and Maurine in Los Angeles and then headed back to Utah. On the way we stopped to look at Bryce and Zion's canyons. This was a trip I shall never forget. I really felt special being the only child in the family along with Mother and Dad and it was a memorable trip to me. Dad never minded taking detours to see interesting things.

Following is the last letter Dad wrote to me two months before his death:

May 13, 1967

Dear Family,

First of all let me thank you for the lovely and useful birthday present. It was very thoughtful of you and I certainly appreciate the love behind it. However you shouldn't go to so much expense. As a matter of fact I am not having birthdays any more so please remember this for the future. (How ironic - Janice's comment)

We surely hope you are all recovered from your various maladies and that things are running smoothly for you. We are still in the grip of winter with a heavy snowstorm yesterday. Many of the students, especially the Californians, are wailing about the weather. No doubt summer will come with a bang as soon as this storm clears up.

We went to the temple Tuesday and next to me in the line was your friend, Bill Crawford, We didn't get a chance to visit much but he seems to be doing ok.

Terry has a part time job at J. C. Penney's selling shoes. We don't know just how it's going to work out but it has future possibilities while he is getting through school.

Your plans for the summer in Indiana sound interesting. Hope Monte can get what he wants there. We hope you can spend a little time, coming or going or both, with us. We would surely love to see you all again as soon as possible.

We are up to our ears in school with final exams scheduled for this coming week. Cess had her foreign students up for a little party last night, with a fire in the grate and her usual super refreshments. They had a good time.

Love to you all, Dad

MEMORIES OF MY FATHER

LYNN DIXON TAYLOR

Lynn Anne Taylor Richards

I am very privileged to be named after my Father. He has always been a strong influence in my life. He was a man for all seasons. He was an originator who stepped out as our pioneer ancestors of old to develop the country, design buildings, open land development and encourage others to follow him. He befriended not only those of his equal education and social standing in the community, but the "blue collar" workers who loved and respected him. He was a friend to everyone he met. He was affectionately called "Sunbeam" because of his bright red hair and also his happy disposition.

Unfortunately his children did not always see this side of his nature. He felt very strongly that his children should be brought up to learn how to work hard and be responsible individuals. As a small child I often felt intimidated by him. As the years passed I learned that he was a wonderful father and loved his children dearly and wanted the best experiences for each of us.

Above all else I knew that he loved my Mother. As he left our home or returned, Mother was always at the door to greet him with a kiss and a happy smile. She always looked her best and prepared his favorite meals. He appreciated her efforts. It was obvious that the two of them lived for each other. They held hands and were very affectionate with one another. They shared a love for music, the classics, sports, nature and a strong belief in the Gospel. They took great delight in creating a home environment that was artistically decorated and comfortable. Many hours were spent by the family in front of fire places, on the hill as well as in our Brickerhaven cabin.

Often on Sunday evenings we would put potatoes in the hot coals and when baked through we would split them open and eat them with melted butter and sprinkled with salt—what a treat! Just being together made a happy experience for all of us. Dad always had a good book in hand or a cabin project going. He was never idle. I watched him peel the bark off cross cut logs to line the cabin walls. Early mornings as waited for Uncle Henry to give us a ride to work and school my Father would pick up a hoe and clean the driveway of weeds. He was an excellent artist and painted some water color pictures in his younger years.

Even though my Father worked six days a week at Dixon Taylor Russell Company, He always was home for a 6:00 p.m. family dinner. We would sit in the end of the kitchen around a turquoise painted table in an alcove surrounded with small paned windows. It was a special time to gather as a family. As the years passed Dad remodeled the house and a more formal dining room was added. We spent happy hours surrounding that table. There was stimulating conversation between Mother and Father. Both were very strong minded people and did not hesitate to voice their opinions to one another. Occasionally they did not agree and the conversation could become quite heated. Never did we feel intimidated or worried about their love and respect for one another. Our home was a very stimulating place to be.

Father believed strongly that his children should be obedient and learn to work hard. In the summer we were expected to pick fruit and earn money. As we grew older we were given the opportunity to work at DTR. We were expected to pay for our education and graduate from the university...which each one of us did.

Here were times when we would ask our Father for permission to do something. He would be very quick to tell us "no". He refused to discuss the subject any further. These were the times we would go to Mother hoping that she could intercede for us. Very seldom did it work. Once Father decided on something it was difficult to get him to change his mind.

When I began Junior High School, I felt that it was time for me to take off my long brown stockings and to grow up and look like the other girls in my class. I remember night after night I would plead with my Father to let me cut my long braids off and cut my bangs. He would not relent. It was heart breaking to me and I could not understand why he would not give me permission. Christmas morning came and in the toe of my Christmas stocking I found a note which said, "Dear Lynn Anne, tomorrow you may go to the barber and get your hair cut. Love, Santa". I still have that note and it is one of the greatest Christmas gifts I have ever received.

Sometimes I was happily surprised at his response to some of my problems. In high school I was taking an algebra class. On my report card I had a "D" I was very hesitant to show it to my Father. He looked at my grades and smiled and said, "Well, Andy, it looks like you take after me in Math." Many times he tried to help me with math, but it did not work.

My Father was not a person to seek attention. He enjoyed being obedient, quietly adding to his education and knowledge, strengthening his testimony by participating in all Church assignments and perfecting his life. I remember each Sunday he would bring the tithing home. I was always fascinated by all the coins he would stack up and count. I knew my Father was an honorable man and loved to serve the Lord and the people of our ward. I never heard him complain or criticize anyone.

He loved moving us all up the canyon each spring. Even though he worked long hours and could only be with us in the evenings and on Sundays, as long as Mother was in the canyon, he was happy. I remember the long walks we would take to the falls and Aspen Grove. Many evenings we would walk up the road past Keeler's cabin. My Father loved the canyon. As I think of him now I picture him at home in our cabin by the creek. One of the last memories we have of Dad was on a wintery day when he took Bryan and me on snow shoes into Brickerhaven.

I was always proud of my Father. He had excellent taste in his clothing and he was always very careful to cut back on his diet when he felt he needed to. He was very polite to my friends and made them feel welcome in our home. I was amazed at his response to Bryan. They immediately became friends and had much in common. It was almost like they had known each other before.

After I was married I noticed a decided change in my Father's attitude toward me. I believe he no longer felt he had to be a disciplinarian. I was no longer his responsibility. We became good friends.

In 1967, our daughter Heidi was born. I could not take her home from the Provo Hospital to Salt Lake because three of our children had measles. Bryan stayed at home with them while I took Heidi to Mother's and Father's house. It was a special few days to spend with them. Dad was especially responsive to Heidi. That was the last few days I spent with him before his heart attack.

I am so grateful for my Father and the heritage he has left us. Every time we go to the canyon and stay in our family cabin I think of his inspired vision into the future in building this beautiful mountain home and the lovely home on the hill where we grew up in such peace and security. What a meaningful legacy he has left his children. We all have an awareness and appreciation for constant improvement and enjoyment of the gifts and blessings of this life.

I look forward to life together forever with my family in our Heavenly Father's Kingdom. I am sure it has to look like Brickerhaven or Dad would not be there.

MY FATHER
LYNN DIXON TAYLOR
George Terry Taylor

Our father, our grandfather, Lynn Dixon Taylor is an unusual man. Born of goodly parents, of real pioneer stock, he bridged the older days with a new, more modern day. He came from a strain of faithful early members of the Church. He helped integrate and adapt an early Provo business and provincial farming culture with a new more cosmopolitan educational culture. His life is a continuing, living legacy.

Dad worked at the store, Dixon Taylor Russell Company, six days a week--which included all day on Saturday. I remember him as being diligent in working right up to 6:00 p.m. each day. Yet, I learned from Dad the value and importance of a good lunch, a good book, and a good nap each day. He would drive all the way home at noon to fix some soup and a sandwich, read from one of his Perry Mason or other detective novels and then have a nap, returning to work about 1:30. Remember, "a day without a nap, is a day wasted!" Dad never said that, but I think he was a good example of it.

I never knew my father to willingly stand up in public to speak. I never heard him stand in a testimony meeting or to preach to others. Mother said that he came home from church one day with an ashen face and a disturbed demeanor. "The worst thing has happened; they've made me a bishop!" Yet, when called on, Dad expressed himself with humor and with eloquence.

We may not all know, that he was gifted at writing his thoughts and feelings. His book of early letters to Celestia in his courting days is a treasure. He wrote other pieces, including "Our Home on the Hill" which is a well-crafted word-piece and which is now a valuable family document. You must read his knock-me-down-with laughter piece entitled, "Father of the Bride," written for Janice and Monte's wedding.

I have two particular little letters from him--one, at my age 17 when he drove me down to Bryce Canyon and left me all alone to work "out my summer salvation," in a menial dishwashing job which he referred to as "pearl-diving." Such poignant feelings of home sickness I had never felt. His little lines were a great comfort. The second was a similar short statement of encouragement while I served as a young missionary. I treasure his short lines of sentiment and support in his admirable, even beautiful printing style, a distinctive display of his clear and simple spirit and character.

Dad must be considered as a "man for all seasons." He was first, a pioneer. He formed the Brickerhaven social club. He arranged purchase of the Brickerhaven property. He formed the Brickerhaven Corporation--a unique haven in a complicated world. I remember him cutting and planning each of the panels on our Brickerhaven cabin. He designed some of its furniture and furnishings. He loved this spot on the earth. Yet, he and Mother always came down on Sundays to attend to all of their church duties and meetings.

Dad built his home on the hill--forging a new neighborhood--building roads, a water system, working over the years with community leaders. Some people thought he was crazy to move out of town, away up on the hill. But he had vision! When talking with farmer Liechty, who owned the property up on the hill, Dad remarked at what a beautiful view of the valley he saw. The farmer scratched his chin and then said something like, "Well, yes! It is beautiful, isn't it! I never quite noticed it like that before.

Both he and Mother valued education. They took advantage of the educational opportunities afforded. Dad went to school in the east to learn the arts of interior decoration and design. He loved all good home related things: fabrics, carpeting, lighting, wall papers, draperies. He loved colors and contrasts. He appreciated his involvement with the Brigham Young University Art department and enjoyed teaching the students. The DTR Co. was a perfect laboratory for his students and a related business career for himself.

His creative and artistic influence in the homes of prominent people of the community was significant. While our small white shingled home on the hill was modest--built during the depression out of Utah Lake boathouse boards--it was a gathering place for the elite and upper-crust persons from the University and City. No one could ever quite put a finger on what it was in Dad and Mother's homes that were so warm and inviting, but I have frequently heard people remark on the decor and ambiance they experience in entering the home-world of Lynn and Celestia Taylor

Dad loved good art, the classics and modern design. He was eclectic in his selections from all of the good and beautiful things of life. He enjoyed good music and had a large selection of classics. He and Mother belonged to the Silver Slipper, a dinner-dancing club. His library was comparatively diverse and broad. He and Mother would attend the Lyceums, the concerts, even the ballet. They visited art museums together. They had works of art, books of art, pieces of art. I guess one of the signs and signals of a civilized man is the refinement and care of his surroundings. To me, we five children were raised in a refined, beautiful heaven-on-earth home where we were taught to value and enjoy the best of the world's products--all without spending too much money with too much extravagance.

Dad was an historian. He was particularly interested in Utah history. He read the historical journals. He was keenly interested in the west. Among his friends was the great Utah rancher, Charles Redd and his wife Anna Lee. Mom and Dad loved visiting places in Monticello several times.

Dad loved athletics. In college, he wrestled. He had a strong body and an even stronger spirit. We are told that he and his brother Elton would often fight and quarrel--even be at each other's throats most of the time. Mother Maria had often to send them out of the house. I remember Uncle Elton saying that he could never beat Dad in a wrestle (Elton was bigger and heavier than Dad) except when he could somehow get in a position of sitting on top of him. I remember at age 18, thinking how strong and buff I was. Somehow, I got into a wrestle with Dad who was now over 60 years of age. He took me down and pinned me to the floor with little effort. I was astonished at how strong he seemed even at that age.

Dad loved tennis and played often as a young man for BYU. Later, he participated in all of the spectator sports. I remember driving with him up to the U of U to watch a track meet. He frequently supported the BYU baseball games, wrestling matches, track and field activities and of course, basketball and football. He would arrive early for the freshmen basketball game at the old Smith Field house, buy himself and me a "cougar-eat" hamburger along with an apple and watch the game. Mother would catch a ride later with one of the neighbors to join him. They were always together at all of the games. He didn't yell much, but he knew all of the players and kept all of the statistics. When the team was on the road, Dad was on the radio!

As a young man, Dad's bright red hair--more rust than carrot-top, was prominent among all of his friends. They called him, "Sunbeam" throughout his school days--I think first for his bright red-radiant appearance, but also for his genial and outgoing personality. But, along with his red hair, came a strong Taylor determination. He was a disciplinarian to his family. He was of that earlier school that the father was to establish rules, apply discipline and enforce consequences or even punishment where necessary.

He had an indomitable will power among his family members. He was determined that his children were to learn habits of hard work and independence. Janice tells of experiences where she and the other kids were to be at a certain place and a certain time after school for their ride home. If they were not there at the exact time, they would find themselves walking home. And they did. He required his children to be on time and on the task required. At one time, Lynn Ann, in 6th grade, wanted to have her hair cut so she could wear bangs, not to have to wear braids and to be in style with all of the other girls. Dad said, NO! There was no debate, no discussion. It would simply not be allowed. Sometime later, at Christmas time, Lynn Anne found in her stocking a note from Dad which said she could go and cut her hair. It was one of the greatest gifts Lynn Ann ever had for Christmas.

Dad was able to meet and mingle with people from all fashions and facets of life. He was one with the laborer and worker in the DTR shop, or with the college professor or dean. None of us children will forget the traditional New Year's Day activity. Among Dad and Mom's closest friends were some of the highest ranking leaders of BYU, a prominent banker, distinguished architect, a nationally recognized psychologist, a respected historian--the list goes on and on. Our family can never forget the remarkable outpouring of love from so many members of the community. We were astounded by the friends and associates who came in an endless line to Dad's viewing and funeral. The expressions of personal friendship and close relationships came almost as a shock to us. In looking over again the guest book, I was amazed at the diverse and complete strata of society that came trudging, then standing, then waiting through the long line. The young people, the elderly, the middle aged, the common, the laborers, the average. The high and the mighty--they all came through as one common folk with one common phrase --"We'll miss him!" Janice recalls a plumber telling her that her dad was his best friend.

Dad mellowed over the years. As the Father of the Bride, he met Monte DeGraw, a splendid artist, a wonderful husband to his first daughter, an excellent daughter. He had his first grand-daughter, Michele, one who renewed our recollections of many of the Nash traits to the family. His relationship to Dirk is a family treasure. Grandpa Lynn and Dirk--how many

stories could we share about that special relationship? He met Bryan Richards--truly a soul-friend. They immediately had a mutual respect and common affection for each other. Athletics took a new and more important part of Dad's life. Dad had, in a very real way, new wonderful sons. He met Catherine Pearson. I remember his very strong positive impressions of this beautiful young woman entering into our family's life. He was proud of his growing family. "Uncle" Brent Brockbank brought such a new and happy dimension into Dad's and all of our lives. I have so often heard comments from Brent and others about our wonderful family. I read just last night a letter from Kathryn about Dad spending the entire day with little Allen and tending him.

Dad loved life. Being the youngest child, I was acquainted with some of the health stresses he began to face. Troubled with ulcers and indigestion problems, with prostate challenges, with ongoing migraine headaches, he began to slow during his sixties. We wondered if the medications he took had an effect on the clarity and quickness of his thinking. I remember how devastated, how discouraged he was after teaching one of his BYU interior design classes. He had quite a difficulty hearing his students. He recognized that it was time for him to fully retire from his life's work and accepted the fact with quiet acquiescence and resolution. A task he had always loved had become a challenge and a burden to him. Mother told of a day Dad came home white as a ghost. He told her the students had evaluated him. They thought he was a fine man, but was too old to teach. I remember attempting to help him set and adjust his beautiful Omega watch- -a simple task which had now become so complicated for him. Yet, in these later trials, he was uncomplaining and enduringly cheerful. On more than one occasion, I remember him saying that if he could live all the days of his life over again, he would not change a single thing--quite a principle of personal acceptance and confidence in self-determination. This statement to me displays a principle of complete faith in the Plan of life and his personal trust and confidence in the accepting and forgiving love and the Lord.

As his years increased and his time on earth shortened, he and Mother arranged for a trip to England, Scotland and Europe. Along with Uncle Harold and Aunt Violet, we all had a wonderful time. I will never forget the beautiful dancing girl in Norway singling Dad out and getting him to come up on the stage and dance with her. He was a good sport and joined right in the dancing! With all the beauty and splendor of all that we saw in those fairy-tale and classical lands, he still felt that Brickerhaven was the most beautiful spot on earth.

To all of Lynn's posterity, some who may have known Dad may have their own special memory. His grandchildren helped him to become more open and soft and responsive to his children. Several of you, including my own children never had the privilege of knowing their grandfather upon the earth. But I am confident that you knew him well before arriving here. And I am confident that he has his loving eye on each one of us today.

Our father, grandfather, now great-grandfather, Lynn Dixon Taylor was a man goodly simple and simply good! A man rare among men - our marvelous earthly progenitor.

Written and delivered for a family reunion, July 26, 2002

MEMORIES AND TRIBUTES

Ernest L. Wilkinson:

"Lynn enjoyed life. He was modest and very self effacing. Even though he was bishop he always would rather sit on the back row. ... He said Cess [Celestia] would get him into the Celestial Kingdom whether he wanted to or not. He was dubbed Mr. Wisdom. No one ever heard him swear or gripe. Lynn was always cool, collected, and calm. Never excited. He had a great spirit within him. He was a catalyst for the entire BYU faculty, especially new comers.¹

La Dell Peterson:

Lynn was known in the neighborhood as Uncle Lynn because when you live close you become part of their family. He taught us how to be neighbors....Provo has become a better place to live because of our Brother Lynn.²

Brickerhaven Corporation Tribute:

Lynn was a great lover of the out-of-doors and was frequently found taking a group of young people across the foothills of majestic Timpanogos. He loved young people and received great happiness from showing them some of the beauties of nature, and leading them into an enjoyment of the out-of-doors. He was an enthusiastic supporter of the annual Timpanogos hike.

One of Lynn's outstanding characteristics was his sense of fairness. He was a good neighbor in the true sense of the word. He seemed to have a knack of putting himself in other people's circumstances and following the Savior's admonition - do unto them as you would have them do unto you.

Lynn loved to help other people. He had a knack of knowing what help was needed and of supplying the counsel and advice that alleviated or answered the problem. He never sought prominence, honor, or glory. He stood for honesty and integrity. He abhorred chicanery, deceit, or double talk. He followed the poet's admonition: "To thine ownself be true; and it must follow, as the day the night, thou canst not then be false to any man."³

Notes From Celestia About the European Trip:

There was a time in my life when traveling to a foreign country was completely out of the realm of possibility as far as I could see. I had reached my fiftieth birthday without having left the shores of the United States except for a brief visit into Canada when Lynn and I went on our honeymoon after our marriage in 1927.

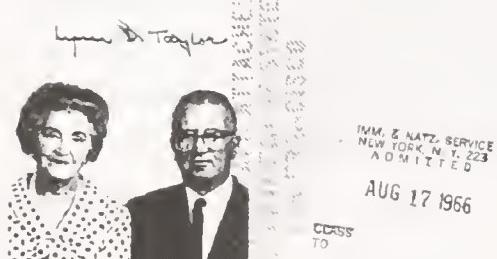
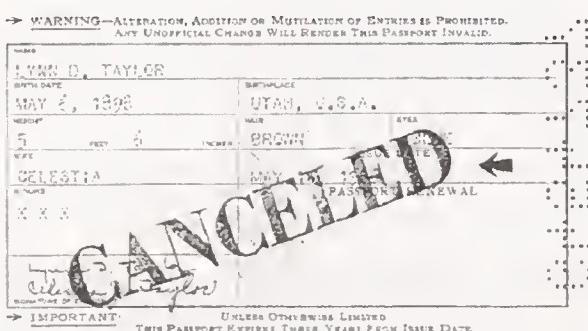
Our responsibility to our family, Lynn's job, and our teaching positions as well as our tight financial schedule precluded the possibility of even thinking of any form of travel outside

of an occasional trip to California, Cincinnati, or the Southern Utah canyon lands to visit our children. We did not feel in the least deprived, however, for our love for our homes on the hill and in the canyon filled our lives and left little room actually for any desire to roam.

When Terry received his call to go to England on a mission, the thought came to me that at the conclusion of this mission it would be a wonderful opportunity to meet him and do some traveling in England and in Europe. I suggested the idea to Lynn and he immediately discouraged any thoughts of such a thing. He had several arguments against the idea and strongly suggested that I put it completely out of my mind. However, I felt that Lynn, more than anyone I knew, should have the chance to visit those places and see those things that he had been teaching and lecturing about for so many years in his classes in interior decoration and historical periods of architecture and design. In subtle ways I began to show him that the idea was not impossible, that it was really feasible and completely within our reach. He began to see that here was an opportunity that might never come to us again. My teaching salary in addition to his own eased our financial situation to the point where we found that we could work things out quite easily. We approached Violet and Harold with the idea of their going with us and when they enthusiastically agreed to the trip, we decided to go.

As things turned out, it was one of the best decisions we ever made. Our friend, John Weenig, worked out all the details for us and everything from beginning to end exceeded our greatest anticipations. Lynn remarked several times, during our travels and afterward, that he felt it was one of the best investments we had ever made. Those three months enriched our lives and brought us an appreciation of the wonder and beauty of the world to an extent that we hadn't thought possible. Although Lynn's life was extended only a few months after our return - he died exactly one year from the week of our departure, the first week in July - those last month's together were intensified in appreciation of life, of each other and of the many great blessings which had been bestowed upon us throughout our lives.

One of the things that I remember about Lynn is that he was always a perfect gentleman. Never have I known him to be anything but kind and generous and thoughtful toward others. Even at times when I was thoughtless or demanding or when I did things which were contrary to what he thought I should do, he was not impatient nor unkind. Oh, he let me know that he didn't approve,



but in such a way that I knew our differences were from some fault of mine rather than his. He was not a man to confess or give in and say he was sorry, but that was because he felt that he was right - and he usually was.

He was overly kind and considerate of my family and their individual problems, putting himself out many times to do them a favor or to help them under any and all circumstances, however much to his disadvantage.⁴

Ruth Taylor Kartchner:

Lynn was always very pleasant with me, and used to tease me a lot. I remember the day he was married and everyone was going to the reception, but because of my age, I had to stay home. I had the nickname "Dewey," and he used to always sing the song about Admiral Dewey to me, "And Along Came Brave Dewy." I always admired his artistic abilities at furnishing homes. I did disagree with him once when he and Alice decided to paint the brick on our home red.

Lynn and Elton used to fight a lot. Mother used to get the broom and say "You stop that!" and she would whack them on the heads and try to get them to stop. They could be very stubborn.⁵



Elton Taylor

Arthur D. Taylor

Lynn D. Taylor

Janice, your father, Lynn D. Taylor, was always kind and good to me.

I worked with him at Dixon Taylor Russell Company and being a secretary I wrote letters he dictated to me. He was always patient and understanding.

When Boyd and I bought this lot in Oakhills from your brother, John, Uncle Lynn helped us decide on the interior design and what furniture, drapes, carpeting and etc. we would like in our home before it was built. D.T.R's went out of business before our home got built. John Markham was our architect so Uncle Lynn helped us decide on our furniture to our house plans. We bought our furniture from D.T.R.'s and they stored the furniture for us until the home was built.



Also I remember going to your cabin in Brickherhave and how kind your parents were to me. We had such fun playing there--building moss castles, bathing in the creek, hiking the mountains and going to Stewart Falls.



I remember when I was going to Salt Lake City to buy Joyce Shoes which were in style. Provo didn't have them and so I decided to ask you to go with me. Uncle Lynn said you couldn't because everything you bought had to be in Provo.

I loved Uncle Lynn and Aunt Cess. It was a privilege to know them and to be a neice to them.

Dixie T. Frampton

Lynn Taylor Dies Of Heart Attack

Lynn Dixon Taylor, 69, 2150 N. Oak Lane, died Sunday at noon at the Utah Valley Hospital



of a heart attack. He was born May 6, 1898, in Provo, the son of Arthur N. and Maria Louise Dixon Taylor. He married Celestia Johnson on Aug. 17, 1927 in the Salt Lake Temple. He attended the Timpanogos Grammar School, graduated from BY High School in 1917 and received his A. B. degree from Brigham Young University in June, 1923. He was manager of all minor sports for one year and was a member of the BYU Tennis team. In June of 1920, he was called on a mission to the Northwestern States where he labored in Portland, Ore., and Seattle, Wash. After his release, he came home to Provo in 1922.

He served in the U.S. Army World War I. He was a member of the Provo Lions Club, the American Legion, Sons of the Utah Pioneers, officer of the Provo Advertising Club, first president of Bricker Haven Corp., one of the organizers of the Bonneville Development Company who developed Oak Hills Subdivision.

He spent several years as draftsman and designer in Joseph Nelson's architectural office. After graduation from college, spent six months at Barker Brothers in Los Angeles, Calif. He became manager of Dixon-Taylor Russell Co. in the drapery department. He attended the school of Interior Decoration in New York, and was on the BYU faculty as special instructor in interior decoration for 30 years. He was advertising manager of DTR. Several buildings on Provo's Center Street were designed by him and constructed under his supervision. He designed and built his canyon home at Bricker Haven.

He was very interested in sports, reading good books and listening to better music.

Survivors include his widow of Provo; two sons and three daughters, John A. Taylor, Cincinnati, Ohio; George T. Taylor, Provo; Mrs. Monte (Janice) DeGraw, Salina Beach, Calif.; Mrs. Bryan (Lynne Ann) Richards, Salt Lake City; Mrs. Brent (Kathryn) Brockbank, San Jose, Calif.; 13 grandchildren; four brothers and two sisters, Arthur D. Taylor, Elton L. Taylor, Mrs. Fred (Ruth) Kartchner, all of Provo; Henry D. Taylor, and Mrs. ElRoy (Alice) Nelson, both of Salt Lake City.

Funeral services will be held Thursday at 1:30 p.m. at the Oak Hills Fourth LDS Ward Chapel with Bishop Norman Creer officiating. Friends may call at the Berg Mortuary Wednesday from 6 to 8 p.m. and Thursday until time of services. Interment will be in the Provo City Cemetery.

RESOLUTION

An expression of regard and esteem noted this day, September 19, 1967 at the first meeting of the officers and directors of Bonneville Development Company held since the death of a highly respected friend and colleague.

WHEREAS, Lynn Dixon Taylor was an original associate in Bonneville Development Company at the time of its instigation and organization, contributing freely to its inception and establishment; and

WHEREAS, he was a director in that organization from its beginning, giving liberally of his foresight, imagination, and constant vigilance; and

WHEREAS, he accepted and discharged the corporate responsibility of assistant secretary, doing valuable service in the keeping of records and the preparation of memoranda; and

WHEREAS, he was a meritorious member of the committee on Architecture and Landscaping, furnishing counsel and direction in the esthetic growth of the Bonneville Development Company; and

WHEREAS, he was a respected and valued citizen of his community, liberal in the contribution of his time, talents, and physical resources in the betterment of his neighborhood and the commonwealth; and

WHEREAS, he is remembered as a devoted husband, a successful father, a sincere churchman, educator, businessman, sportsman, and a man of rare perceptive insight for esthetic values; and

WHEREAS, on the second day of July, nineteen hundred and sixty-seven, he passed away, leaving a legacy of accomplishment and service to Bonneville Development Company which lives on to bless his memory in the minds and hearts of his associates, and to redound to the enrichment of living in the Oakhills community, therefore,

BE IT RESOLVED, that this RESOLUTION be placed in the minutes of this meeting as the collective expression of respect and admiration of a choice man of worth, and that a copy thereof be transmitted to his widow, Celestia Johnson Taylor.⁶

*J. Hamilton Calder, Henry D. Taylor, Weldon J. Taylor, Ralph B. Keeler, Fred L. Markham,
DaCosta Clark, Lolan L. Turner, Wesley P. Knudsen*

¹ LDT Funeral Services, Ernest L. Wilkinson

² LDT Funeral Services, LaDell Peterson

³ Brickerhaven Resolution of Tribute and Respect honoring Lynn D. Taylor

⁴ Through a Lifetime, CJT, Travels, Pages i-ii

⁵ Interview with Ruth Taylor Kartchner, John A. Taylor

⁶ Bonneville Development Company Resolution, 1967

The Presiding Patriarch of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints

47 East South Temple Street,

Salt Lake City, Utah

Salt City Utah, June 8th, 1920

A BLESSING GIVEN BY HYRUM C. SMITH,

Patriarch, Upon the head of

LYNN DIXON TAYLOR

Son of ARTHUR NICHOLLS TAYLOR AND MARIA DIXON TAYLOR.

Born May 6th, 1898, at Provo, Utah.

BROTHER LYNN D. TAYLOR; According to thy desire and in the authority of the Holy Priesthood I place my hands upon thy head, and as the Spirit of the Lord shall direct me, give unto thee a Patriarchal blessing for thy comfort and benefit throughout this life according to thy faithfulness and obedience. Thou art of the lineage of Ephraim, the chosen son of Joseph who was sold by his brothers. Thou art also numbered among the chosen sons of Zion in these the last days, and much will be required at thy hands in order to fulfill thy mission here upon the earth. Therefore, honor thy birthright and the Holy Priesthood which has been given thee; keep thy trust in the Lord, for thy life and mission are precious unto Him. And at an early period of thy life thy guardian angel was given special charge concerning thee. If thou wilt follow the whisperings of that still small voice day and night, thou shalt go and come attended by the preserving, protecting and providing care of the Lord; and shall pass thine enemies in safety, both the seen and the unseen, and shall be preserved from harm and from accident, and live and fulfill thy mission here upon the earth. If thou wilt apply thyself diligently and prudently to thy duties as they are made known unto thee through study, through careful observation, and through the whisperings and promptings of that still small voice, as well as the counsels and teachings of thy parents, the Lord will strengthen thy hand and prosper thy righteous efforts and help thee in many ways to accomplish thy mission successfully, and to secure the blessings as they have been prepared for the honored sons and faithful fathers in Israel. For in due time thou shall secure unto thyself a choice companion for the journey of life and be crowned among the honored fathers in Israel. Go forth, therefore, with a determined mind to serve the Lord and to keep His commandments, guarding well thy habits that they may be free from folly and vice. Thou need never be put to shame, neither be overcome by the craftiness of evil-designing persons, for thou shalt be blessed in the use and cultivation of thy gifts, and shall be enabled to speak in boldness in defense of the Truth. Through thy diligence and study, thy humility in prayer, thy memory and mind shall be strengthened, thy tongue loosed to speak the Truth and to defend it whether among friends or among strangers, whether at home or abroad. If thou wilt honor the Holy Priesthood which has been given thee, thou

shalt be magnified in the discharge of duty and through thy faithfulness in striving to perform thy duties, thou shalt be magnified before thy fellows and be called into positions of trust and leadership and responsibility, and shall live even to a goodly age and fill up the full measure of thy mission and creation here upon the earth.

This blessing I seal upon thy head through thy faithfulness, and seal thee up to come forth in the Resurrection of the Just, with thy kindred and many friends, by virtue of the Holy Priesthood and in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen

Approved;

Hyrum G. Smith.

REFERENCES

- Arthur Nicholls Taylor and Maria Louise Dixon Taylor, *My Parents*; Henry D. Taylor, 1986.
- Autobiography of Henry Dixon Taylor*; Henry D. Taylor, 1980.
- George Taylor, Sr. and His Family, 1838-1926*; Clarence D. Taylor, 1983.
- My Folks the Dixons, Vol. I, II*; Compiled by Clarence D. Taylor, 1969.
- Through a Lifetime*; Celestia J. Taylor, 1978.
- In Memory of Lynn D. Taylor*, Funeral Remarks, Ralph B. Keeler, July 6, 1967.

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